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# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLVSTRATED JOVRNAL OF ART LITERATVRE AND CVRRENT EVENTS

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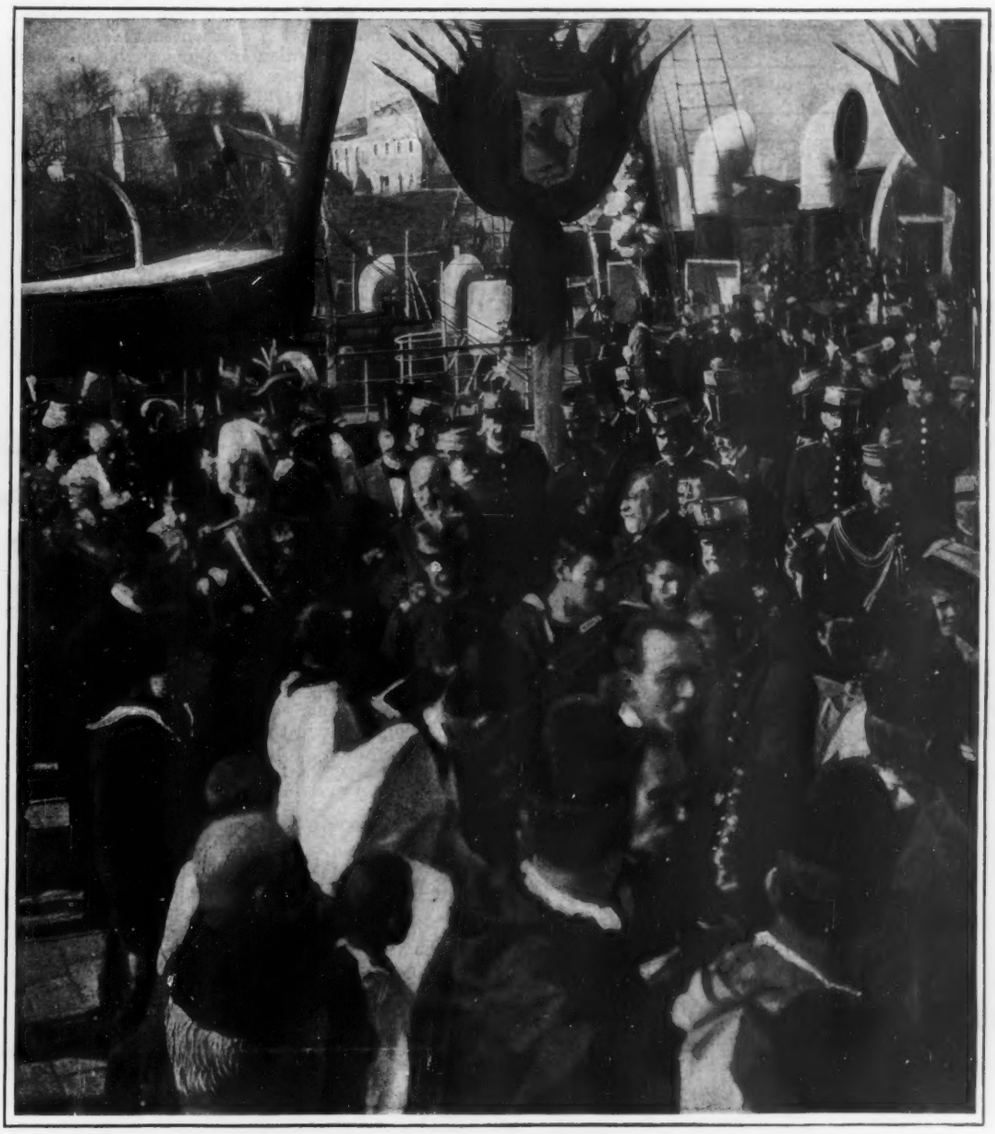

## THE LAST VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS

ADMIRAL, THE DUKE OF VERAGUA, CARDINALS, BISHOPS, MILITARY AND NAVAL OFFICERS, CHURCH AND CIVIC DIGNITARIES RECEIVING THE REMAINS OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AS THEY WERE CARRIED BY SPANISH SAILORS FROM THE SHIP GERALDA TO THE ARTILLERY CARRIAGE FOR TRANSFER TO THE CATHEDRAL, SEVILLE

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY WILLIAM BENGOUGH

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AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF ART LITERATURE AND CURRENT EVENTS

EDITORIAL AND GENERAL OFFICES

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ROBERT J COLLIER EDITOR

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NEW YORK MARCH FOURTH 1899


## COLLIER'S WEEKLY SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

### *WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES.*

*MR. FREDERICK PALMER, the war correspondent, will cover the military operations in the Philippine Islands, as our Special Correspondent at the front Mr. Palmer's articles will be profusely illustrated from photographs taken by himself of military and naval demonstrations around Manila and in the Islands.*

### *REMINGTON WITH THE ARMY IN CUBA.*

*MR. FREDERIC REMINGTON, artist and author, left New York February 11 for Havana, whither he goes as Special Correspondent of* COLLIER'S WEEKLY. *Mr. Remington will portray with brush and pen the citizen soldiers who are now taking part in the military occupation of Cuba with the same fidelity which characterizes his pictures of the Regular Army men and Western Life.*

## THE NEW FRENCH PRESIDENT

THERE SEEMS TO BE a Nemesis attending the honor of election to the post of Chief Magistrate under the Third French Republic. M. Thiers, who, by the way, was called, not President, but Chief of the Executive power, resigned in a fit of temper, believing that the Versailles Assembly would refuse to accept his resignation. Therein he found himself mistaken. In his stead, Marshal MacMahon was chosen President of the Republic for seven years, but he did not serve until the end of his term, preferring resignation to complete submission to Gambetta. M. Grévy alone, who succeeded him, retained office for seven years, but, within less than two years after his election for a second term, was forced to resign, because the Chamber of Deputies declined to confide in any of the men whom he selected for the place of Premier. M. Carnot was, as we know, assassinated, and his successor, M. Casimir-Perier, renounced his office after holding it for a few months. M. Faure, who was next made President, was, undoubtedly, the smallest man, intellectually, who has ever risen to supreme executive power, either in the French or the American republic. The son of a mechanic, he received what we should call a common-school education, and became an apprentice in a tannery. The knack of making money he possessed, and he seems to have made it honestly, for his integrity was never challenged but once, and then unsuccessfully. He became, ultimately, Under-Secretary in one of the Departments, and, for a time, to the disgust of naval experts, occupied the place of Minister of Marine. On the resignation of Casimir-Perier, he became President for two reasons: first, because he had been too obscure to have made any enemies; and, secondly, because the outgoing Chief Magistrate considered him an available tool with which to beat M. Brisson, whom Casimir-Perier detested. Elevated to an office for which he had not a single social or mental qualification, M. Faure presently became the victim of what the French term *la folie des grandeurs*, or what, in our American idiom, is known as "the big head." His poses, affectations and pretensions were sources of endless entertainment to the minor journals of the boulevards, and gave offence to serious statesmen, who were not pleased to see the head of the republic made ridiculous. He courted popularity, and, for that reason, he made no secret of his sympathy for the General Staff and for the enemies of Dreyfus. But he was too timid and selfish to take any overt and resolute steps on their behalf, the result being that the anti-Revisionists had planned to drive him out of office at no distant date, by applying to him the same pressure to which M. Grevy had succumbed. He had been forewarned of their intentions, a fact which explains the worry and agitation remarked in him for some weeks past. Whatever may have been the reason, his vitality must have been low, otherwise the stroke of apoplexy which befell him on Thursday, February 16, the first which he had ever had, would scarcely have proved fatal. His sudden and unexpected death threw into hopeless confusion the schemes of the reactionists, who had not yet been able to accommodate the interests of the Monarchists, the Bonapartists, the Headquarters Staff and the anti-Semites with the personal aspirations of M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire. Could the enemies of the existing regime have had but one week's warning, they would, doubtless, have been able to agree on a basis of co-operation, and, could this have been brought about, they had a fair prospect of success. So far as is known, not a single General of Division is thoroughly faithful to the Republic, and a large majority of the Brigadier-Generals and Colonels are believed to be also infected with disloyalty. Then, again, the anti-Revisionists had proved, only the other day, that they controlled the Chamber of Deputies, for they had been able to carry through that body by a majority of 116 the bill transferring the decision in the Dreyfus case to the whole Court of Cassation from the criminal section of that tribunal. Moreover, when the same bill went to the Senate, it had secured the approval of five out of the nine members composing the committee to which it was referred, and, therefore, seemed likely to be adopted by the Upper House. Under such circumstances, the anti-Revisionists, could they have had time enough to concert a plan of action, and unite upon a candidate for the Presidency, must, it would seem, have elected him in the joint meeting of the two chambers at Versailles. As it was, had ex-Premier Meline consented, on Thursday night, to become the official candidate of the enemies of revision, they would probably, during the next day and a half, have been able to consolidate enough Deputies and Senators to elect him on Saturday afternoon. In spite of his seemingly half-hearted refusal to run, and the resultant disorganization in the ranks of the Reactionists, they managed to give him 279 votes. It is now evident that M. Meline, by the vacillating attitude which he maintained throughout Friday and on Saturday forenoon, and by which he prevented the anti-Revisionists from agreeing upon any other nominee, practically played M. Loubet's game, and assured the latter's election.

However it came about, the meeting of the two chambers on Saturday at Versailles resulted in an overwhelming defeat for the anti-Revisionists, who, only a week before, seemed to have the Parliament in their hands. The successful candidate, M. Emile Loubet, is a man very different, socially and intellectually, from his predecessor. M. Faure belonged, by birth, to the proletariat. M. Loubet is a member of the bourgeoisie, which, since the convocation of the States-General in 1789, has been the real master of France. He received a university education, and is by profession a lawyer; he represents, in other words, the type of which M. Jules Favre, M. Grévy and M. Jules Ferry have been conspicuous exponents. In one particular, he has been more successful than any of these, because he has managed to win the goodwill and trust of the great mass of French workingmen, without acquiring the name of a demagogue, or losing the respect and confidence of capitalists and statesmen. As presiding officer of the Senate, he has evinced an impartiality which promises an even-handed administration of the Chief Magistracy. Happily for his prospects at this juncture, he has cultivated all his life the self preservative gift of reticence. Even the Dreyfus question, which has driven almost every other Frenchman into one camp or another, has found him non-committal and impassive; it was not, indeed, until Saturday noon that the anti-Revisionists made up their minds that he who was not for them was against them; nor would they even then have arrived at that decision, had not an article published that morning by M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire awakened their distrust. So far as the power of keeping his own counsel goes, M. Loubet belongs to the class of which Cromwell is the great exemplar; of course, however, it remains to be seen whether he possesses Cromwell's inflexible purpose and dauntless valor. It is said, to be sure, that he never smiles, which was one of Cromwell's characteristics. The fact that no one has, hitherto, ascribed to him the iron will, for which his contemporary, M. Constans, is distinguished, does not, necessarily, prove anything, for the betrayal of such an attribute in the post of President of the Senate would have been fatal to his chance of becoming the head of the Republic. More than one Pope has secured the suffrages of the Conclave, because he was imagined to be a good-natured, plastic and colorless person, only to astound his supporters by his display of self-will and energy when he was once seated in Peter's chair. One thing is certain, that M. Loubet is still in the vigor of manhood; he is sixty-one years old, and does not look it. No one can study his thoughtful countenance, without feeling entirely assured that he, at least, will never become the victim of megalomania.

# IN THE UNION

*(THE SOUTHERN VETERAN SPEAKS)*

I've faced the fight with Jackson, I've marched along with Lee;
I had some words with Sherman as he galloped to the sea:
Exchanged brisk compliments with Grant when vict'ry seemed in view,
My old steel bayonet glittering at many a breast in blue.

I say, I've been with Jackson, and Lee—he knew my name:
And sometimes, when the fight was on, he called me by the same.
I followed fierce and fearless where Longstreet led the way
To fields whose bloody daisies were blent with blue and grey.

But now I'm in the Union! I see there—overhead,
The flag our fathers fought for; her rippling rills of red
All glorious and victorious:—the splendor of her stars,—
And I say: "The blood of heroes dyed all her crimson bars."

I'm for that flag forever 'gainst foes on sea and shore.
Who shames her? Who defames her? Give me my gun once more!
We'll answer when they need us—when the war-fires light the night:
There's a Lee still left to lead us to the glory of the fight!

See how the old flag ripples, and flaunts her folds in scorn,
Her stars and bars will be the joy of nations yet unborn:
And though she waves o'er new made graves, 'neath alien sod and dew,
There, in the starry silences, the grey sleep with the blue.

We're one in heart forever—we're one in heart and hand:
The flag's a challenge to the sea, a garland to the land.
We're united—one great country: Freedom's the watchword still:
There's a Lee that's left to lead us—let the storm break where it will!

*OFFICE OF THE CONSTITUTION,*
*ATLANTA, GA.*

*FRANK L. STANTON.*

DRAWN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY E. HERING

THE PROCESSION PASSING UP PARK STREET TO THE STATE HOUSE

SECRETARY ALGER AND CORNELIUS BLISS PASSING ALONG BOSTON COMMON, BEHIND THE PRESIDENT'S CARRIAGE

THE PRESIDENT'S CARRIAGE

# PRESIDENT McKINLEY IN BOSTON

*(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)*

BOSTON, *Feb.* 17, 1899

GARBED IN WHITE SNOW, as if in token of peace, the city of Boston and all the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts and New England awaited the coming of the Chief Magistrate of the nation.

Even for the President, whose eyes had looked upon nothing but snow all the way from Washington to New England, it was a revelation to behold the ancient Boston Common that was green when he last saw it six years ago now muffled up to the ears in a great coat of white.

The train bearing the Presidential party arrived in Boston at ten in the morning of Thursday, February 16. By a special arrangement it was switched off the usual track so as to draw into the immense Southern Terminal railroad station, a brand-new building, this part of which was on that day first opened to the public. Some conception of the size of the station can be formed from the fact that no less than five thousand persons, besides the mounted escort and the carriages that took part in the procession, gathered inside of the building to welcome Mr. McKinley upon his arrival. As he stepped from the train he was greeted by tremendous cheering, which continued while he moved down the platform and took a seat in his carriage, together with Governor Wolcott of Massachusetts, Mayor Quincy of Boston, and Mr. Plunkett, the president of the Home Market Club. As the carriage drawn by four horses emerged from the massive portal of the railroad station, the mounted police and cavalry, who formed the escort, wheeled into platoons, and closing in at the head and rear of the procession of ten carriages, moved swiftly through the snow-covered streets of Boston. When the Common was reached the artillerymen gathered there fired a Presidential salute, and wheeling into line, followed the procession to the Hotel Touraine, at one corner of the Common, where the President alighted and withdrew into his apartments.

At two in the afternoon a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature called to invite the President to visit the State House. As soon as the legislative committee had retired, the President received the foreign consuls at the Port of Boston.

Then came a committee of the City Council, and after them a large delegation of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity, of which the President was a member while a student at college. By the time they had gone, the hour had arrived for the reception and banquet at the Mechanics Hall. When the President reached the hall he had to undergo the sorest ordeal of the day, for there stood no less than two thousand five hundred men, every one of whom insisted on shaking hands with the President and his associates.

After this ordeal, at the banquet table, Mr. McKinley, as "master" of the assembly, sat in the east. A great gilded eagle spread wide its pinions behind the President, and over his head—high up among the rafters—was draped the banner of golden letters on purple velvet under which both Harrison and McKinley were nominated for President.

To the right was a picture of ex-President Harrison; to the left was the face of Speaker Reed.

To the north, above the organ, was the face of Lincoln, flanked on the right by that of McKinley and on the left by Washington. One word embraced the trio: "Liberators."

Admiral Dewey smiled down upon the President from the west. To his right hung a motto: "To the captain of his flagship—'You may fire, Gridley, when ready.'" To the left might be read: "To the captain of a German ship—'You must not sail by the United States flag without seeing it.'"

Mr. Plunkett introduced Governor Wolcott and Mayor Quincy, and finally precipitated a remarkable scene by announcing the President of the United States.

Mr. McKinley arose with hands clasped behind his back, and bowing to right and left; but as he stood there the smile vanished from his face, and he grew visibly paler.

Mr McKinley said, in part:

"It seems not so long, but is in fact six years, since it was my honor to be a guest of the Home Market Club. Much has happened in the intervening time. We had four long years of adversity, which taught us some lessons which will never be unlearned, and which will be valuable in guiding our future action. We have not only been successful in our financial and business affairs, but have been successful in a war with a foreign power which has added great glory to American arms and a new chapter to American history.

"I do not know why in the year 1899 this republic has unexpectedly had placed before it mighty problems which it must face and meet.

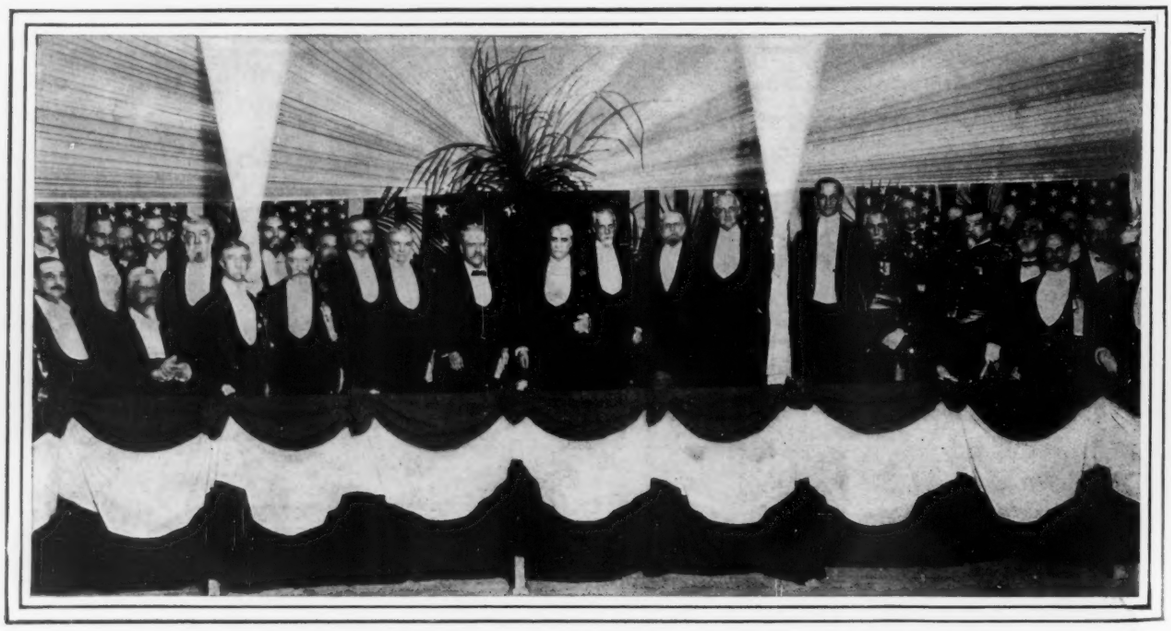
"The evolution of events which no man could control has brought these problems upon us. Certain it is that they have not come through any fault on our own part, but as a high obligation, and we meet them with clear conscience and unselfish purpose, and with good heart resolve to undertake their solution.

"The Philippines, like Cuba and Puerto Rico, were intrusted to our hands by the war, and to that great trust, under the providence of God and in the name of human progress and civilization, we are committed. It is a trust we have not sought; it is a trust from which we will not flinch.

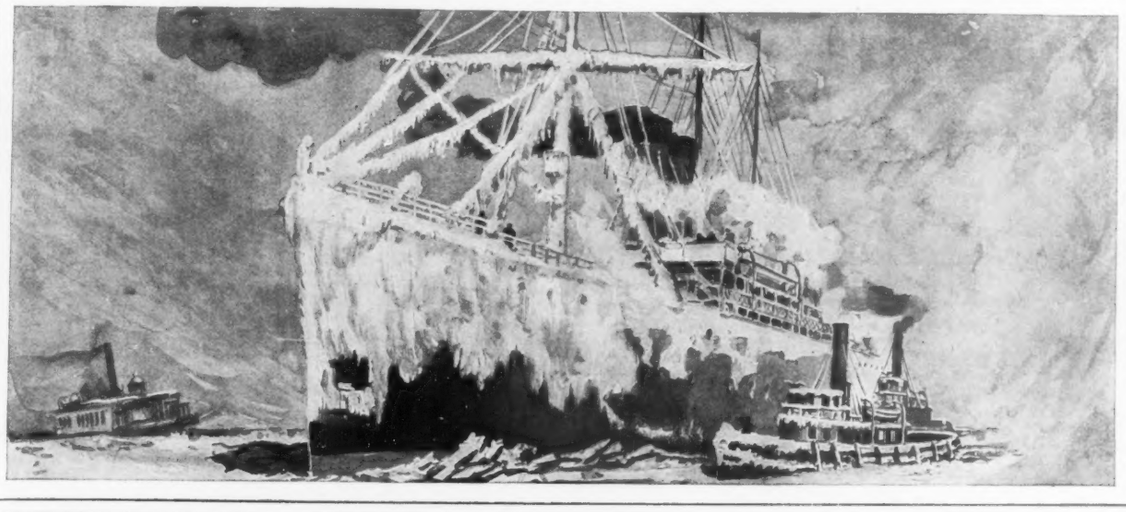
"We hear no complaint of the relations created by the war between this government and the islands of Cuba and Puerto Rico. There are some, however, who regard the Philippines as in a different relation, but whatever variety of views there may be on this phase of the question, there is universal agreement that the Philippines shall not be turned back to Spain. No true American consents to that.

"We have now ended the war with Spain. The treaty has been ratified by the votes of more than two-thirds of the Senate of the United States and by the judgment of nine-teaths of its people. No nation was ever more fortunate in war or more honorable in its negotiations in peace. Spain is now eliminated from the problem."

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

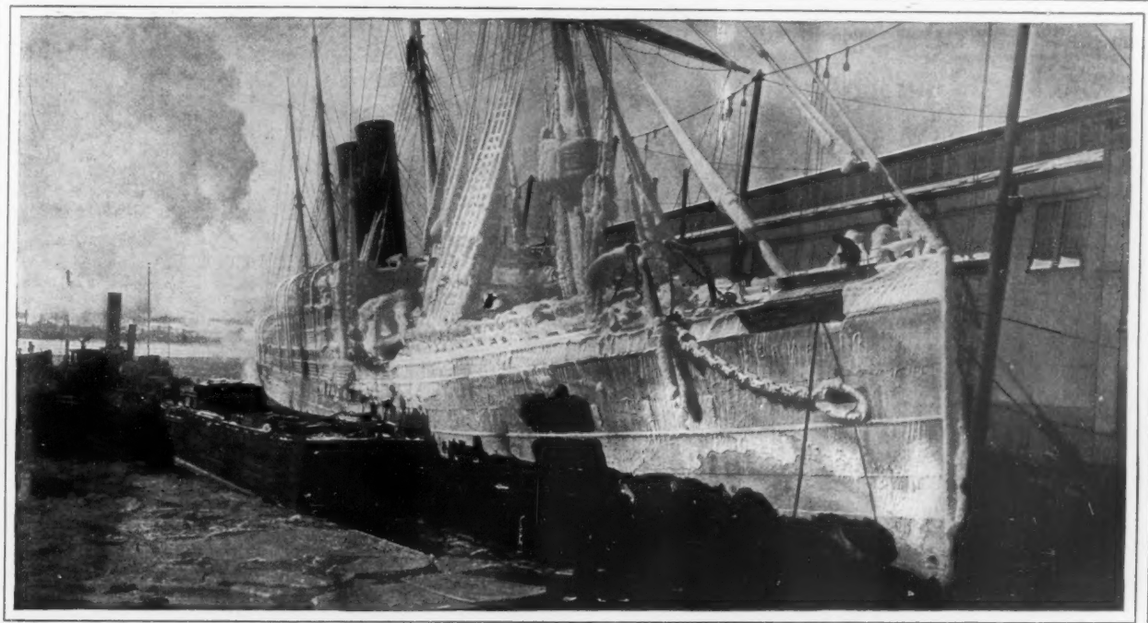


PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND THE OTHER GUESTS OF HONOR IN THE BANQUET HALL



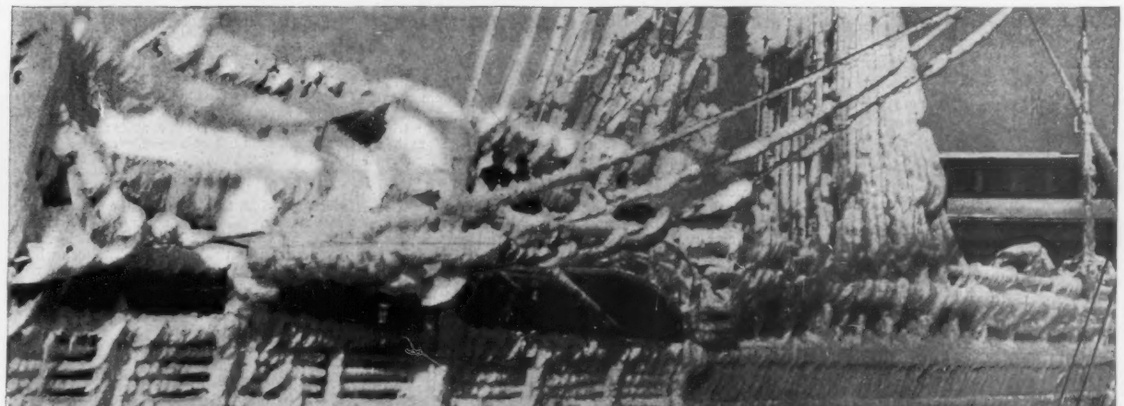
DRAWN BY PARKER NEWTON

HARBOR TUGS ESCORTING AN ICE-SHEATHED OCEAN LINER UP THE BAY DURING THE GREAT BLIZZARD



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE

THE WHITE STAR LINER GERMANIC AS SHE APPEARED ON ARRIVAL AT HER PIER ON SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE

THE STARBOARD QUARTER OF THE WHITE STAR LINER GERMANIC, SHOWING HER DECK-LOAD OF ICE

## THE GHOSTS OF OCEAN GREYHOUNDS

*What the great blizzard of February did to the big transatlantic ships: The deck and top-hamper of the ships were as if hacked out of pure marble. The enormous weight of their ice freight caused some of the ships to take a heavy list. The masts and standing rigging, wrapped in concentric rings of frozen spray, were transformed into gigantic pillars of grotesque pattern. The thin lines used as flag-halyards increased to four or five inches in diameter. The forward decks became toboggan-slides and death-traps for the frozen sailors. Officers of many years' service report that they never experienced more bitter cold at sea.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE

FIRE AND BLIZZARD IN NEW YORK

*How Front Street looked from South Ferry after the big Fire at the Battery, February 9.*

# OUR NOTE-BOOK

LADY CURZON'S INSTALLATION must have been a trifle operatic, yet nonetheless fetching. The House which she entered is more like a palace than anything else observable off the stage or out of dream. Its saffron domes and sweeping façades rise enchantingly from parterres, punctuated with pools, in which the white lotus and the blue nelumbian grow. There is nothing of the East India Company about it, but there is a good deal of the Arabian Nights. Az Zahra, in which the Caliphs of Cordova lounged, may have been more fair, and, for all we know to the contrary, doubtless was. But its charm to-day lives in legend alone. The Government House at Calcutta has the advantage of existing in addition to realizing what up-to-date magnificence is. There, recently, was heard a boom of guns, the sound of horses afar, the measured roll of English drums, and then, on through the high gateway, beneath the purple of the sky, over the white of the road, past the impassable guard, clattered troopers in scarlet, preceding the flaming outriders and jockey postilions of the carriage in which Viceroy and Vice-Queen sat. At the foot of the wide stair stood Lord Elgin. Behind him was a mob of rainbow rajahs, a crowd of counsellors in gold, a swarm of princes in pink, all the pomp and dignity of the realm. And at once through that riot of color, through the glisten of gems, the swirl of plumes, the blare of brass, the odor of sandal and the roar of the Royal salute, between bowed heads, up the wide stair, an American girl passed into sovereignty. What have the anti-imperialists to say to that?

STENDHAL, somewhere, suspiciously inquired: "How many idiots does it take to make a public?" But he left the matter where he threw it, disdaining to pick it up again, aware indeed of the complexity of the query, and yet it may be too supercilious to attempt to provide a reply. Mr. George Moore is mere good-natured. In the course of a recent paper, after examining the subject at length, he reduced the public to one filthy cur, which, he notes, it is the duty of every artist to kick in the ribs. There was, once upon a time, an historic Vanderbilt who would have taken Mr. Moore to his bosom. So, too, we assume, would Mr. Shayne. In his quality of artist Mr. Moore might rightly object to any such familiarities, for the late Mr. Vanderbilt was in railways precisely as the present Mr. Shayne is in furs, both of them being, therefore, component parts of the filthy cur. But that is beside the issue. The point is the beautiful harmony which presides over the views of these otherwise totally unrelated philosophers. According to Mr. Moore the public should be kicked in the ribs. In the opinion of the late Mr. Vanderbilt damnation were better. In a recent interview Mr. Shayne is reported as having declared himself not exactly in favor of kicking the brute, nor yet in having it damned, but in suffering it to continue to be and in continuing to kick itself. Mr. Shayne is very humane. He is more. There is something in his words that beckons memories of the exquisite courtesy which embellished the red-heeled days of seigneurial France. Were it not for chronology we should regard Mr. Shayne as entirely Régence. He is not artist indeed, but he has the makings of one. He is quite a superior person.

THE BULGARIAN MINISTRY OF COMMERCE issued, two years ago, a decree whereby all the functionaries of the principality were compelled under penalty of a fine to wear unimported home-made clothes. The decree, a trifle tyrannous perhaps, recalled the sumptuary laws against which civilization long since revolted. But Bulgaria is semi-civilized in addition to being pretty far away. We were residing at the time in the land of the free and the home of the Tammany brave, and, regarding it as but another Bulgarian atrocity, we did not allow it to worry us. And yet, when the recent custom-house measures, which appear to have been engineered by a brood of local merchants that has Mr. Shayne for president, is examined, the Bulgarian decree seems by comparison full of charm, entirely liberal and well worthy of adoption here. There is no good and valid reason why the functionaries of this country should not be legislated into home-made clothes, and fined too every time they took them off. On the other hand, there is every reason why these tradesmen should be. But there is no reason at all why a citizen should in any way be restrained from purchasing such trousers as he likes, where he likes, and when he likes. There is no reason why he should be compelled to swear about it, and having sworn, there is no reason why a local board of trade should have the power to hold him up on a wharf and rummage through his purple and fine underclothes. Even in Bulgaria such a measure would not be tolerated. There would be a revolution at once. As it is, the whole thing would be monstrous were it not absurd, ridiculous were it not pathetic. And the object? It is not to expand by a few hundred thousand a Treasury which has as much need of expansion as it has of inflation, it is to encourage a handful of tailors, haberdashers and dressmakers to stick on prices and demonstrate even better than they have their total inability to cut. For this purpose, which, like every other, is more or less laudable according to the point of view, a community is to be annoyed. In reference to that community Mr. Herbert Spencer once remarked that it enjoyed all the forms of liberty, but precious little of the substance. Mr. Spencer was quite right. But it would be instructive to learn what he thinks of the community now. If an assumption be worth a row of pins we may infer that he regards it as collaborating for the greatest good of the smallest number, and of the most impudent at that.

MR. MAGISTRATE WENTWORTH'S semi-judicial sanction of suicide has been catalogued as pessimistic. We are unable to regard it in that light. But then pessimism is not generally understood. It requires too much study. Granting the study, there follows a serenity of the mind which no disaster can rout. Of all people the pessimist is the most content. To him life is a farce. He sits in the stalls and enjoys it. In everything, from blizzards to embalmed beef, he is able to find comfort. He is always glad that matters are not worse. It is the optimist whom accidents disconcert. It tries him to be balked. He has a distaste for failure, and that, too, in spite of the fact that failure is very salutary. Now it is assumed that when a man does away with himself he is tired of living. No one has ever been as tired as that. The man who wants to die really wants to live. What he does not want are the annoyances attendant on his own particular existence. Abolish them and he will swear by Methuselah. A suicide is an optimist. The views of Mr. Wentworth are too rosy.

THE END OF THE CENTURY being imminent, the question has arisen, when does the new series begin? Had we been asked before we began this paragraph we should have answered next year. Which only shows how little we know. Or rather, how little we did know, for by taking thought we have added to our information. The new series begins, not as we, in common with other ignoramuses, had fancied, at midnight on the 31st of December, 1899, but at midnight on the 31st of December, 1900. The reason is very simple. The first year of the present era was not the year 0, but the year 1. It took ninety-

COMMANDER E. H. C. LEUTZE,
*Of the Monitor Monterey.*

BRIG.-GEN. H. G. OTIS,
*Commander of a Brigade at Manila.*

CAPT. HENRY GLASS,
*Of the Cruiser Charleston.*

COL. A. S. FROST,
*Of the First South Dakota Volunteers.*

COL. J. C. LOPER,
*Of the Fifty-first Iowa Volunteers.*

COL. A. L. HAWKINS,
*Of the Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers.*

U. S. MILITARY AND NAVAL OFFICERS WHO PARTICIPATED IN THE RECENT OPERATIONS IN THE PHILIPPINES

nine years more to complete the initial century. The process has continued uninterruptedly ever since. It took one hundred years to complete the last century, and, barring an avalanche of comets in our midst, it will take the same number to complete the nineteenth. There is logic. There is sense. But let us consider the matter from the standpoint of our primal ignorance. Were it otherwise than as recent reflection has demonstrated the antecedent centuries would have had but ninety-nine years apiece, in which case, instead of being now in 1899, we would be in 1881, and consequently eighteen years younger than we actually are. Personally, we should not mind that in the least. On the contrary. But it is tortuous to reflect how it would affect our readers. Some it would put in the cradle and others out of sight. There is a condition of things to which nothing could induce us to consent. Then, too, there is the century itself to be considered. However it may be regarded in spots as a whole, it has behaved very well. In any event it has done nothing to be knocked in the head. After this year it has still another to run, and it is mean to begrudge the fun.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, formerly Miss Jerome of this city, or rather, as she was once described in the Court Circular, Miss Jerome of Jerome Park, will, it appears, shortly proceed to provide a periodical at a guinea a copy. If its merits are on a par with its menu now is the time to subscribe. Lady Randolph's contributors will, it is said, be drawn from regions exclusively royal. Hence the price, which—if a term so inferior may be used in connection with an enterprise so august—is really very low. Without being a bit snobbish—quite the contrary—we all like kingly views on this and that. Their possession heightens our self-esteem and variegates the flavor of after-dinner talk. It is nice, for instance, to say, "By the way, have you read that little thing by my friend Milan of Servia. He says that, etc., and so forth. But I don't entirely agree with him. I think, and so forth, etc." The trouble heretofore has been that it was not often we got the chance. We have had, of course, "Leaves from a Journal in the Highlands"—or whatever may be the title of Queen Victoria's book, a masterpiece, parenthetically, which drew from Disraeli the wickedness of "We authors" when complimenting her Majesty on its charm—and we have also had the "Carmina" of Carmen Sylva—another masterpiece which drew from Calman Levy, who published it, the indecency of "*Quelle rascuse!*"—but these have merely whet our appetite. We want something less succulent. We want the Tsar's private opinion of his own rescript. We should like to have the Emperor of China tell us how he feels toward his aunt. A comparison drawn by the Kaiser between himself and Alexander the Great we could peruse with pleasure. We know of several papers from the King of Belgium which would suit us very well, and a series of sonnets by the little Queen of Holland on Hatred, Iniquity and Divorce would really delight us. If it is features of this nature which Lady Randolph proposes to provide, her magazine will be cheap merely in the sense that it will be worth twice the money. But if the Princess Louise is to tell us about water-colors, the Princess Maud about amateur photography, and the Duchess of York about babies, then, though we have no wish to discourage our compatriot, we, for one, will not subscribe. In every magazine, however platitudinarian, there should be at least a minimum of paradox.

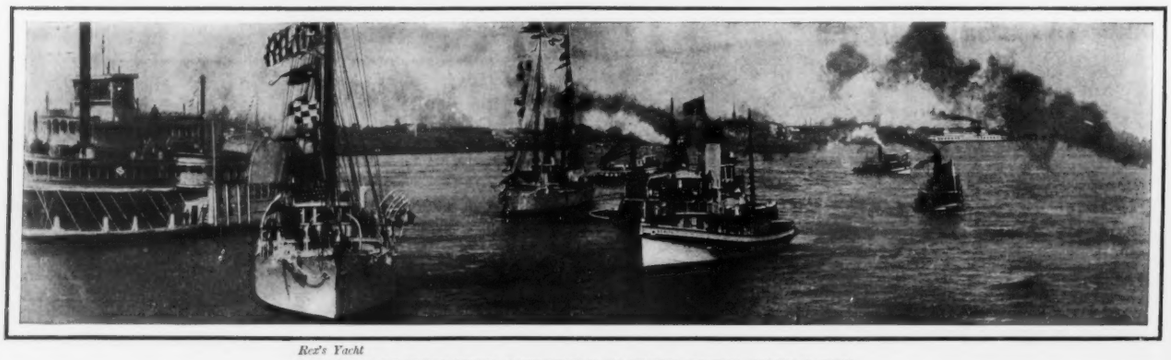
NINEVEH continues to yield her tablets and Egypt her tombs. The tombs do not trouble us much, but the tablets do. An invoice of the latter, recently received at the British Museum, contains a text which, to our great mortification, and, we assume, to the entire discomfiture of every other temperance advocate, pictures the Tree of Life as a vine. This vine has nothing about it that shows any particular filiation with the rotundifolia, the Labrusca, the æstivalis, or any of the ornater varieties which our friend, the Hon. Mr. Raines, so diligently cultivates. It is just a plain, simple vine, presumably fruitful, and, in any event, disconcerting in the extreme. Its tendrils bear an archaic sanction of practices which we had learned if not to abhor, at least to denounce. Near it, in the same text, stands the Tree of Knowledge. Heretofore, especially on the canvases and in the miniatures of mediæval artists, this has been portrayed sometimes as an orange-tree, occasionally as a cherry-tree, more often as a palm. An old bit of sculpture in the Vatican represents it as a tall stalk, topped with lilies. Personally, in the light of modern eschatology, we had been inclined to regard it as a figure of speech. But here it looks for all the world like a tomato. After that the deluge, or rather the tombs. M. de Morgan has found one at Negadah, which, he says, belongs to Menes. Why he does not say it belongs to Ptah, the unbegotten begetter of the first beginning, or to Neith, mother of the Sun, and in so doing not merely see that colleague of his, who last year found the tomb of Osiris, but go him one better, seems to us short-sighted and unenterprising. But it may be that we do him an injustice. Menes, according to every reliable authority, found his last resting place, somewhere between five and seven thousand years ago, in the stomach of a hippopotamus. If that is the tomb which this gentleman has discovered, then indeed he has beaten his colleague hollow.

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES are not detectable in our Lenten literature. Instead of a fast there is a feast. From Mr. Gunter comes a novel, from the Brownings a bundle of love letters, and from Mr. Watson a history of France. Mr. Gunter induces a villain to throw an arm about a fairy waist, and then to draw it to his—not Mr. Gunter's, but the villain's—dastard heart. It is some time since we derived so much pleasure from a picture as we have from that. It is not the perfection of art perhaps, but it runs it pretty close. The bundle of love letters is less adventurous. In looking it over we experienced the tolerably small sensation that we were reading that which was not intended for us. But there are people who like that sort of thing. It shows a great deal of taste, no doubt, yet what wretched taste it is. Mr. Watson's book is more satisfactory. Dealing as it does with the most dramatic of lands, it is but natural that there should be a *coup de théâtre* in every chapter. Occasionally Mr. Watson produces two. That is real luxury. Then also the book is not learned, and we love it on that account. But we prefer Michelet. When the latter started out to write his History of France he thought it would take him a year, two perhaps. It took him forty. Somewhere he has related that when it was done he felt that he had swallowed too many vipers, too many kings. "I have passed beside the world," he added. "I have taken history for life." We should hesitate to say that Mr. Watson has taken it for a dime novel, yet what we do not hesitate to say is that he has made it quite as thrilling.

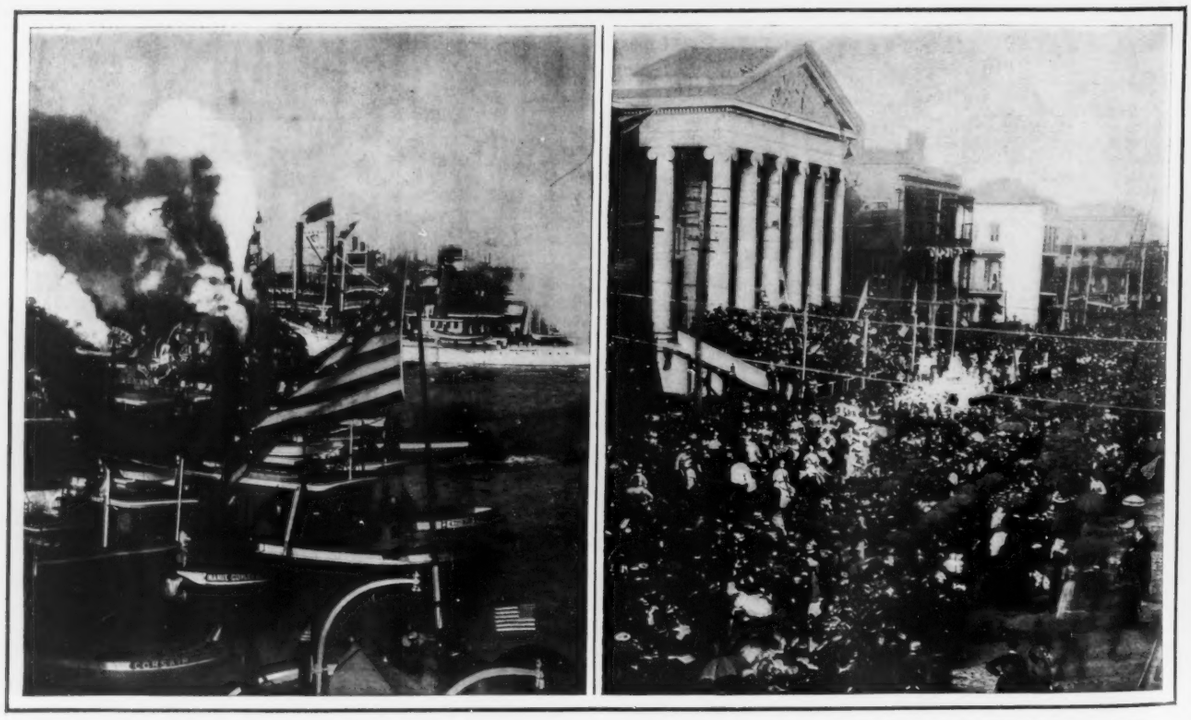
EDGAR SALTUS.

MISS PERRINE L. KILPATRICK, *Queen, 1899.* — MISS REGINA KERNION, *Maid of Honor, "Atlanteans."* — MISS LIZZIE EDWARDS, *Maid of Honor, "High Priests of Mithras."* — MISS SOPHIA ROGERS, *Maid of Honor, "Rex."*

MISS BESSIE MERRICK, *Maid of Honor, "Rex."* — MISS FLORENCE LOEBER, *Maid of Honor.* — MISS LULU CLAIBORNE, *Maid of Honor, "Consus."* — MISS FLORENCE HOBSON, *Sister of Lieutenant Hobson.*



*Rex's Yacht*
PORTION OF REX'S FLEET, AMIDSTREAM, IN FRONT OF THE IMPERIAL CITY



LANDING OF REX'S YACHT AND FLEET AT THE IMPERIAL CITY — REX RECEIVING THE KEYS OF THE CITY, IN FRONT OF THE CITY HALL

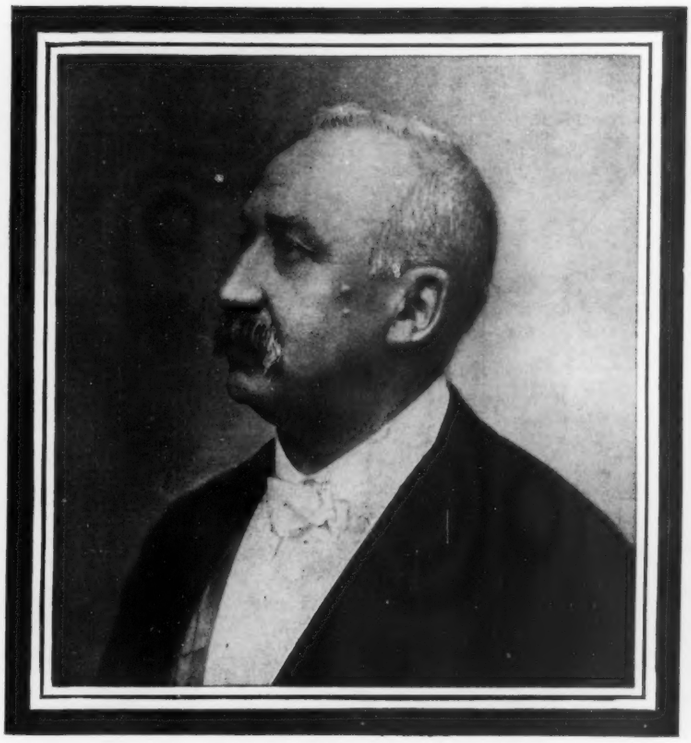
THE MARDI GRAS CARNIVAL AT NEW ORLEANS, FEBRUARY 14

## M. FELIX FAURE

### LATE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

M. FELIX FAURE, President of the French Republic since January 17, 1895, died of apoplexy on the night of February 16 last. The passing of President Faure caused a profound sorrow to the French people and a profound apprehension to political Europe. What may result from the removal of this prominent figure from international as well as all mundane affairs remains to be seen, when sorrow ceases to obscure speculation.

While the late head of the Republic was not remarkable for exceeding acumen, he made a very good President, considered in the light of his negative qualities, and, on the whole, his career as a French citizen has been an admirable one. M. Faure was born in Paris January 30, 1841. Part of his early life was passed in England, where he studied for some years, and acquired tastes and habits distinctively Anglo-Saxon in character. He went in for athletic sports, and his penchant for outdoor exercises remained with him until his death. In early life he engaged in business as a leather merchant, afterward branching out into politics and affairs. He became successively member of the Municipal Council of Havre, Deputy Mayor, Captain in the Mobiles (during the Franco-Prussian War of '70), member of the Legion of Honor, Member of the Chamber and of many Cabinets, and finally President of the Republic of France. M. Faure secured an alliance with the Czar in 1897 and in consequence became temporarily the idol of the French nation.



THE LATE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, M. FELIX FAURE

In 1896 he narrowly escaped assassination, and on two other occasions, in 1897, attempts were made on his life. Each time President Faure displayed intrepidity, courage and presence of mind.

M. Emil Loubet, who succeeds as President of France, was born in the department of Drome on the 31st of December, 1838. He was Mayor of Montelemar in 1870, and six years later was returned to the Chamber of Deputies. In 1885 he was elected to the Senate. He became President of France, February 18, 1899.

The usual popular demonstration, without which happiness would be an unknown quantity to the Parisians—"always volatile," like little Mrs. Moucher—was occasioned by the arrival of the new President. At Versailles he was received with cheers; in Paris with jeers. The Army feeling was running high, and M. Loubet's reception was far from flattering. There were cries of "Vive l'Armee!" mingled with shouts of "a bas Loubet!" Arrests followed as a matter of course. The police had their fill of fighting, the Parisians yelled themselves hoarse, and everybody had a good time.

## THE MARDI GRAS CARNIVAL AT NEW ORLEANS

MISS CORINNE BRAUGHN,
*Queen of "High Priests of Mithras."*

SHROVE TUESDAY, Fat Tuesday, Pancake Tuesday—whatever name Mardi Gras may masquerade under—it is all one to the people of the Crescent City. Mardi Gras, usually a spring festival, was celebrated this year in ice and snow. Even the city donned a Mardi Gras costume. There was a larger number of visitors than ever before. Every hotel and boarding house was crowded, and the river boats and sleeping-cars boarded and lodged many of the passengers they had brought.

The day of the king's arrival the thermometer registered 6.8 degrees, but Rex had too many guests in the capital city to postpone his Carnival.

On Fat Tuesday, Mardi Gras, the temperature moderated, though not enough to melt the snow.

In the morning the children's cries of "Mardi Gras! *Chicque a la pille!*" greeted the early maskers on the road to the procession's route. Advertising vans and dime-museums had sprung up as if by magic; fakirs shouted on every corner; popcorn, peanut, waffle and candy wagons fed the children, and maskers of every size, shape and color disported in the morning light, awaiting Rex. Cinders were spread along the streets, and large gangs of men were shovelling and sweeping the snow. Maskers who wore a multiplicity of tights were merry. At night "Comus" himself was taken from his throne overcome by the cold.

At eleven o'clock Rex, King of the Carnival, started out through the city to greet his subjects.

In all there were in the parade twenty floats. First, the Bœuf Gras, then His Majesty, then the title car, and following in the order named: "The Barge of State," "The Isle of Delight," "Crystal Caves," "The Golden Bower," "Beauty's Court," "Fantastic Refuge," "Silver Dell," "Chariot of the Chase," "Liliputian Revels," "Cupid's Bower," "Vanity's Emblems," "In the Coral Reefs," "Floral Retreat," "Love's Warriors," "Aerial Resort," and "The Pavilion of the Gods." At two o'clock the parade reached Canal Street, and appeared to the Queen and Maids of Honor on the gallery of the Boston Club. The jovial Rex drank their health, and started back for the "den" and a roaring fire to warm his old and cold bones.

In the afternoon all was hustle and bustle at the "den," where Comus was gathering together his teams.

At six o'clock the escort of police began to clear the way, and at seven the rockets went up, the signal to start. Comus himself was Josephus, and rode at the head of the pageant. Then "The Finding of Moses," "David and Goliath," "Alexander's Dream," "Agrippa and the Owl," "The Elephants of Antiochus," "Saul and the Witch of Endor," "Daniel in the Lions' Den," "The Widow's Cruse," and others.

After winding its way through the leading thoroughfares, all of which were decorated and illuminated in fitting accord with the grandeur of the parade, the "Mystic Krew" reached the French Opera House. Half an hour later the Queen arrived, the curtain rose, and the ball was on.

MISS JEANNE MARQUEZ,
*Maid of Honor, "Consus."*

DRAWN BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS

"GOOD LUCK THEY BOTH IS CALLED GEORGE," REMARKED THE TAVERN-KEEPER; "PAINT OUT THE 'KING' AN' PUT IN A 'GEN.'"

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DRAWN BY ELLEN BERNARD THOMPSON

IT TOOK MUCH URGING TO GET PHIL TO YIELD, BUT FINALLY HE GAVE A HALF-HEARTED CONSENT

# JANICE MEREDITH

## A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD, *Author of "The Honorable Peter Sterling"*

[*Begun in* COLLIER'S WEEKLY *January* 28]

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

*The story of "Janice Meredith" opens at Greenwood, the New Jersey home of Lambert Meredith. The time is the fifteenth year of the reign of King George III. and of grace 1774. The opening chapter is devoted to the tribulations of Janice and her bosom friend Miss Tabitha Drinker. Light is thrown on the mysteries of the toilette of a Colonial beauty and the conduct of an American household 125 years ago. Presently is introduced the "Prince from over the Seas," a young Englishman named Charles Fownes, indentured for the term of five years to the master of the brig Boscawen.*

*Fownes is accepted as bond-servant by Squire Meredith, a declared royalist. Janice and Tabitha chance to discover a jewelled miniature of a beautiful woman, which Fownes afterward declines to receive from Janice. He is despatched a-horseback to Brunswick village, to post, for Squire Meredith, a defiance to his enemies.*

*In the village tap-room Fownes quarrels with a traveller, one Evatt, who charges him with desertion from the service of King George. Fownes brands Evatt as a spy. Evatt afterward becomes a guest of the Merediths and confides to Janice that he is an agent of the King. He forces from her a promise.*

*Fownes secretly loves Janice who, with many declared suitors, is plunged into a sea of perplexity. Fownes becomes a drill-master to the Brunswick Invincibles. Squire Meredith enters into an alliance with Philemon Hennion, son of his political rival, and encourages his suit with Janice.*

*The alarm of Lexington is sent out and Squire Meredith narrowly escapes being tarred and feathered by the Sons of Freedom.*

### XI

### FIGUREHEADS AND LEADERS

THE SQUIRE'S MOOD IN THE NEXT few days was anything but genial, and his family, his servants, his farm hands, his tenants, and in fact all whom he encountered, received a share of his spleen.

His ill-nature was not a little increased by hearing indirectly, through his overseer, that it was the elder Hennion who had schemed the surprise party, and in revenge Mr. Meredith set about the scheme, already hinted at, of buying assignments of the mortgages on Boxely. For this purpose he announced his intention of journeying to New York, and ordered Philemon to be his travelling companion that he might have the advantage of his knowledge of the holders of the elder Hennion's bonds. The would-be son-in-law at first objected to being made a catspaw, but the squire was obstinate, and, after a night upon it, Phil acceded. No other difficulty was found in the attainment of Mr. Meredith's purpose, the money-lenders in New York being only too glad, in the growing insecurity and general suspension of law, to turn their investments into cash. It was a task of some weeks to gather them all in, but it was one of the keenest enjoyment to the squire, who each evening, over his mulled wine in the King's Arms Tavern, pictured and repictured the moment of triumph, when, with the growing bundle of mortgages completed, he should ride to Boxely and inform its occupant that he wished them paid.

"We'll show the old fox that he's got a ferret, not a goose, to deal with," he said a dozen times to Phil—a speech which always made the latter look very uneasy, as if his conscience were pricking.

This absence of father and lover gave Janice a really restful breathing space, and it was the least eventful time the girl had known since the advent of the bondsman nearly a year before. Even he almost dropped out of the girl's life, for the farm work was now at its highest point of activity, and he was little about house or stable. Furthermore, though twenty thousand minutemen and volunteers were gathered before Boston, though the thirteen colonies were aflame with war preparations, and though the Continental Congress was voting a declaration on taking up arms and appointing a general, nothing but rumors of all this reached Greenwood.

In Brunswick, however, Dame Rumor was more precise, and one afternoon as the bondsman rode into the town, with some horses that needed shoeing, he was hailed by the tavern-keeper.

"Say! Folks tells that yer know how tew paint a bit?" And, when Charles nodded, he continued: "Waal, we've got word that the Congress has appointed a feller named George Washington fer ginral, who's goin' tew come through here tu-morrer on his way tew Boston, an' I want tew git that ere name painted out and his'n put in its place. Are yer up tew it, and what ud the job tax me?" As the publican spoke he pointed at the lettering below the weather-beaten portrait of George the Third, which served as the signboard of the tavern.

"Get me some colors, and bide till I leave these horses at the smith's, and I'll do it for nothing," said Charles, smiling; and ten minutes later, sitting on a barrel set in a cart, he was doing his share toward the obliteration of kinghood and the substitution of a comparatively unknown hero.

"'Tis good luck that they both is called George," remarked the tavern-keeper; "fer yer've only got tew

*This painting is the second of a series of TWELVE GREAT PAINTINGS BY FAMOUS ARTISTS, which will be published in Collier's Weekly during the year 1899. Following is a partial list of paintings yet to appear:*

| | |
|---|---|
| *"Lazarus and Dives"* . . . | *Walter Appleton Clark.* |
| *"A Venetian Courtship"* . . | *Louis Loeb.* |
| *"Fire at Sea"* . . . . . | *Howard Pyle.* |
| *"In Vanity Fair"* . . . . | *A. B. Wenzell.* |
| *"Lucifer"* . . . . . | *George Wharton Edwards.* |
| *"Trapped!"* . . . . . | *Gilbert Gaul.* |
| *"Fame and her Sister Death"* | *Robert Reid.* |
| *"Catastrophe in a Coal Mine"* | *Jay Hambidge.* |
| *"The City of Dreams"* . . . | *A. Castaigne.* |

*"$5,000 Reward, Dead or Alive," by Frederic Remington, was published January 28.*

# "UNDER PENALTY OF THE LAW!"

*"No person shall, between December 1 and October 15, hunt or kill, in any manner, or have in possession any bull moose, under penalty of four months' imprisonment."*—Extract from Maine Game Laws.

PAINTED FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY, BY

A. B. FROST

paint out the 'King' an' put in a 'Gen.' in the first part, which saves trouble right tew begin on."

Charles smilingly adopted the suggestion, and then measured off "the III." "'Tis a long name to get into such space," he said.

"Scant it is," assented the publican. "I'll tell yer what. Jist leave the 'the' an' paint in 'good' after it. That'll make it read slick." Pleased with this solution of the difficulty, the hotel-keeper retired to the "public," with a parting invitation to the painter to drink something for his trouble.

While Charles was doing the additional word, he was interrupted by a roar of laughter, and, turning about on his barrel, he found a group of horsemen, who had come across the green and drawn rein just behind him, looking at the newly lettered sign. From the one of the three who rode first came the burst of laughter—a man of medium size and thinly built, perhaps fifty years of age, with a nose so out of proportion to his face, in its size and heaviness, that it came near enough to caricature to practically submerge all his other features. The second man was evidently trying not to smile, and as Charles glanced at him, he found him looking at the third of the trio, as if to ascertain his mood. This last, a man of extreme tallness, and in appearance by far the youngest of the group—for he looked not over thirty at most—was scrutinizing the signboard gravely, but his eyes had a gleam of merriment in them, which neutralized the set firmness of the mouth. All the party were in uniform, save for a couple of servants in livery, and all were well mounted.

"Haw, haw, haw!" laughed the noisy one. "Pray God mine host be not as chary with his spit as he is with his paint or 'twill be lean entertainment."

"I said 'twas best to make a push for't to Amboy," remarked the second.

"Nay, gentlemen," responded the third, smiling pleasantly. "A man so prudent and economical must keep a good ordinary. Better bide here for dinner and kill a warm afternoon, and then push on to Amboy, in the cool of the evening, with rested cattle."

"Within there!" shouted the noisy rider. "Hast dinner and bait for a dozen travellers?"

The call brought the publican to the door, and at first he gasped a startled "By Jingo!" Then he jerked his cap off, and ducked very low, saying: "'Twas said, yer—yer—lordship, that yer'd not come till the morrow. But if yer'll honor my tavern, yer shall have the bestest in the house." He kept bowing between every word to the man with the big nose.

"Then here we tarry for dinner," said the young-looking man, gracefully swinging himself out of the saddle, a proceeding imitated by all the riders. "Take good heed of the horses, Bill," he said, as a colored servant came forward. "Wash Blueskin's nose and let him cool somewhat before watering him." He turned toward the door of the tavern, and this bringing Charles into vision again, he looked up at the painter to find himself being studied with so intent a gaze that he halted and returned the man's stare.

"Art struck of a heap by the resemblance?" demanded the noisy officer.

"Go in, gentlemen," replied the tall officer. "Well, my man," he continued to Charles, "ye change figureheads easily."

"Ay, 'tis easier to get new figureheads than 'tis to be true to old ones."

A grave, almost stern look came into the officer's face, making it at once that of an older man. "Then ye think the old order best?" he asked, scanning the man with his steady blue eyes.

The bondsman put his hand on the signboard. "'Tis safest to stick to an old figurehead until one can find a true leader," he answered.

"And think you he is one?" demanded the officer, pointing at the signboard.

Charles laughed and laid a finger on the chin of royalty. "No man with so little of that was ever a leader," he asserted. He reached down and picked up a different pot of paint from the one he had been using, dipped his brush in it, and with one sweep over the lower part of the face cleverly produced a chin of character. Then he took another color and gave three or four deft touches to the lips, transforming the expressionless mouth into a larger one, but giving to it both strength and expression. "There is a beginning of a leader, I think," he said.

"Thou art quick with thy brush and quick with thy eyes," replied the man, smiling slightly and starting to go. In the doorway he turned and said, with a sudden gravity, quite as much to himself as to the bondsman: "Please God that ye be as true in opinion."

Left alone, the bondsman once more took his brush and broadened and strengthened the nose and forehead. Just as he had completed these, the tavern-keeper came bustling out of the door. "Wilt seek Joe Bagby an' tell him tew git the Invincibles together?" he cried. "He intended tew review 'em tu-morrer fer the ginral, and their lordships says they'll see them go through—Why, strap me, man, what hast thou been at?"

"I've been making it a better portrait of the general than it ever was of the king."

"But yer've drawn the wrong man!" exclaimed the publican. "That quiet young man is not he. 'Tis the heavy-nosed man is his Excellency."

"Nonsense!" retorted the bondsman. "That loud-voiced fellow is Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, a half-pay officer. Many and many's the time I've seen him—and if I hadn't, I'd have known the other for the general in a hundred."

"I tell yer ye're wrong," moaned the hotel-keeper. "Any one can see he's a general, and 'tis he gives all the orders for victuals and grog."

Charles laughed as he descended from the barrel and the cart. "'Tis ever the worst wheel in the cart which makes the most noise," he said, and walked away.

Two hours later the Invincibles were bunched upon the green. As the diners issued from the inn, Bagby gave an order. With some slight confusion the company fell in, and two more orders brought their guns to "present arms."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Lee. "Here are some yokels who for once don't hold their guns as if they were hoes."

Joe, fairly swelling with the pride of the moment, came strutting forward. When he was within ten feet of the officers he took off his hat and bowed very low. "The Invincibles is ready to be put through their paces, your honor," he announced.

"Damme!" sneered Lee below his breath. "Here's a mohair in command who doesn't so much as know the salute."

The tall officer, despite his six feet and three inches of height, swung himself lightly into the saddle without using a stirrup, and rode forward.

"Proceed with the review, sir," he said to Joe.

"Yes, sir—that is, I mean—your honor," replied Joe; and, turning, he roared out, "Get ready to go on, fellows. Attention! Dress!"

Instant disorder was visible in the ranks, some doing one thing, and some another, while a man stepped forward three or four steps and shouted: "Yer fergot ter git the muskets back ter the first persition, Joe."

"Get into line, durn you!" shouted Joe; "an' I'll have something to say to you later, Zerubabel Buntling."

"O Lord!" muttered Lee to the other officers, most of whom were laughing. "And they expect us to beat regulars with such!"

"Attention!" once more called Joe. "To the right face—no—I mean, shoulder firelocks fust off. Now to the left face." But by this time he was so confused that his voice sank as he spoke the last words, and so some faced right and some left; while altercations at once arose in the ranks that broke the alignment into a number of disputing groups and set the captain to swearing.

"Come," shouted one soldier, "cut it, Joe, an' let Charles take yer place. Yer only mixes us up."

The suggestion was greeted by numerous, if various, assenting opinions from the ranks, and without so much as waiting to hear Bagby's reply, Charles sprang forward. Giving the salute to the mounted officers, he wheeled about, and, with two orders, had the lines in formation, after which the manœuvres were gone through quickly and comparatively smoothly.

The reviewing officer had not laughed during the confusion, watching it with a sternly anxious face, but as the drill proceeded this look changed, and when the parade was finished, he rode forward and saluted the Invincibles. "Gentlemen," he said, "if you but conduct yourselves with the same steadiness in the face of the enemy as you have this afternoon, your country will have little to ask of you and much to owe." He turned to Joe, standing shamefaced at one side, and continued: "You are to be complimented on your company, sir. 'Tis far and away the best I have seen since I left Virginia."

"An' that isn't all, your honor," replied Joe, his face brightening and his self-importance evidently restored. "We are a forehanded lot, an' we've got twenty half-barrels of powder laid in against trouble."

After a few more words with Bagby, which put a pleased smile on his face, the officer wheeled his horse. "Well, gentlemen, we'll proceed," he called to the group; and, as they were mounting, he rode to where Charles stood. "You have served?" he said.

Charles, with the old sullen look upon his face, saluted, and replied bitterly: "Yes, general, and would give an eye to be in the ranks again."

The general looked at him steadily. "If ye served in the ranks, how comes it that ye give the officer's salute?" he asked.

Charles flushed, but met the scrutinizing eye to eye, as he answered: "None know it here, but I held his Majesty's commission for seven years."

"You look o'er young to have done that," said the general.

"I was made a cornet at twelve."

"How comes it that you are here?"

"My own folly," muttered the man.

"'Tis a pity thou'rt indentured, for we have crying need of trained men. But do what you can hereabout, since you are not free to join us."

"I will, general," said Charles eagerly, and, as the officer wheeled his horse, he once more saluted. Then as the travellers rode toward the bridge the bondsman walked over and looked up at his crude likeness of the general.

"Yer wuz right," remarked the inn-keeper. "The young-looking feller wuz General Washington."

"Ay," exclaimed the man; "and mark me, if a face goes for aught, he's general enough to beat Gage—and that—" the man paused, and then added: "that sluggard Howe. And would to God I could help in it!"

DRAWN BY B. C. DAY

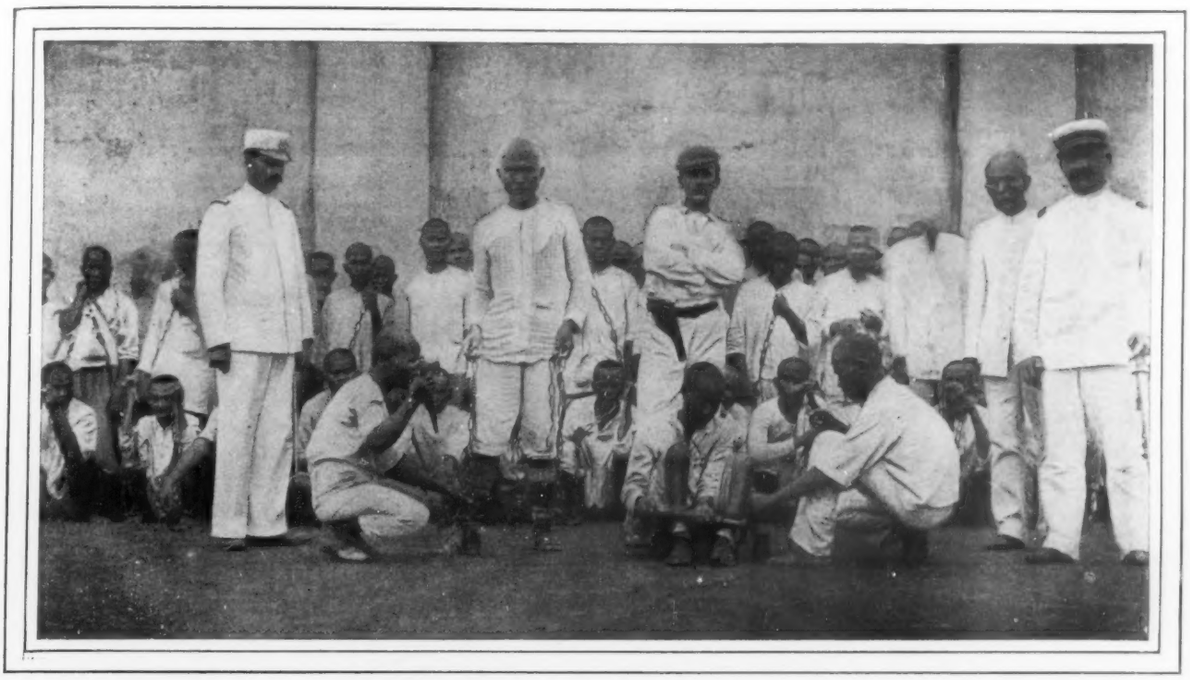
JANICE, FEELING STRANGELY SHY, LED THE WAY TO THE PARLOR

## XII

### SPIES AND COUNTER-SPIES

IT WAS THE middle of July when the squire and Phil returned from New York, bringing with them much news of the war preparations, of Washington passing through the city, and of the bloody battle of Bunker Hill. Of far more importance, however, to the ladies of Greenwood, were two pieces of information which their lord and master promptly announced. First, that he wished the marriage to take place speedily, and second, that at New York he had met Mr. Evatt, just landed from a South Carolina ship, and intending, so soon as some matter of business was completed, to repeat his former visit to Greenwood—an intention that

(Continued on page 17)



STRIKING CHAINS OFF SPANISH PRISONERS AT MANILA

*Most of the prisoners were politicals; some have been in irons for years. The old man has been chained for seven years.*

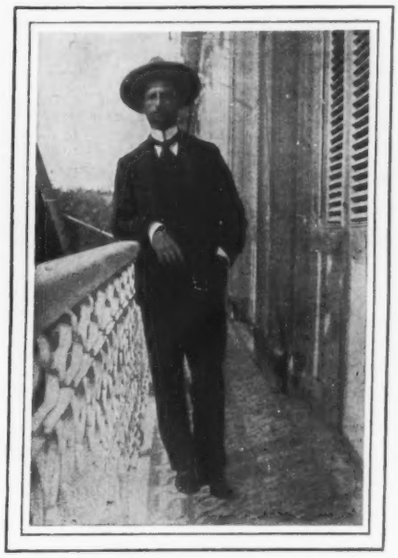
## HAVANA'S NEW POLICE FORCE

*(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)*

HAVANA, *Feb.* 6, 1899

ON THE MORNING of February 15 the good people of Havana will wake up and find themselves in possession of a brand-new, made-to-order police force, fully equipped and clad in handsome uniforms. During the past month a band of nearly one thousand men have been drilling under the direction of United States army officers, and at the same time becoming fully acquainted with all the duties which "one of the finest" is supposed to know. The larger number of the new force had served in the Cuban army, but in their selection no distinction has been made because of previous affiliations, the preference being given to those who were physically superior and who understood the peculiar conditions of government and people which obtains in Havana.

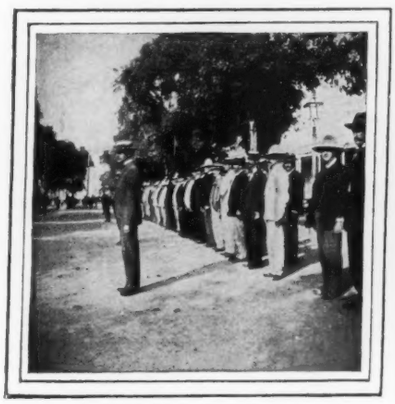
When John McCullagh, the famous ex-chief of police, came from New York City six weeks ago to help reorganize the force, and the police system generally, he undertook a more difficult task than he had at first anticipated. Under the recent Spanish régime there were three different kinds of police, each responsible to a different head, and whose duties, often conflicting with each other, created friction and jealousies. Under the new rules governing Havana's constabulary this conflict of authority has been avoided. There is but one executive, General Menocal, chief of police, whose powers are supreme, and responsible to no one except General Ludlow, the military governor of Havana. There is no board of commissioners, but in other respects it is patterned closely upon New York's police organization. There are six inspectors, twelve captains, twenty-four lieutenants and sergeants, and nearly one thousand patrolmen, all of whose duties are clear and well defined. Colonel Moulton, of the Second Illinois, was at first detailed by the Secretary of War, in the early part of December, to take charge of the work of reorganization; but a difference of opinion with General Ludlow as to the extent of his authority induced him to resign after a month's labor. He was succeeded by Major John Gary Evans, of General Ludlow's staff, who, with Mr. McCullagh, has been working night and day to get everything into complete shape by February 15. Mr. McCullagh was also appointed by the Secretary of War, but he holds no official position. His work is that of chief adviser, explaining to the officers and men the details of their duties, and, besides, organizing a detective bureau and a system of records in order to keep track of crimes and criminals.



GENERAL MENOCLE, CHIEF OF POLICE

It has been hard work to lick into shape a thousand men, raw and undisciplined, whose sole idea of a policeman's duty was to stand on a corner smoking a cigarette or to sit astride a horse looking heroic and statuesque. They have done, however, remarkably well, considering their aforesaid predisposition, and in their new uniforms and light helmet caps will be a considerable improvement upon the left-over Spanish force. Every afternoon at three o'clock they can be seen drilling on the wide esplanade near the foot of the Prado. There is a look of profound seriousness and weight of care on each man's face, as if he was about to assume the office of captain-general. Not a shadow of a smile illumines their countenances, and when the drill-master assures them that it is the proper thing to lift their feet a little higher when marching, their next movement appears as if the whole battalion was about to clear a six-foot fence. The true inwardness of their trouble was made evident when the company came to a parade rest. Immediately every man's hand went to his pocket, and he fished somewhere out of its depths his well-beloved and never-absent cigarette. He lighted it, took a few puffs, and once more he became the talkative, sociable, good-natured fellow to whom tobacco and sunshine are prime necessities of life.

JACOB LYCHENHEIM.



POLICE LINED UP FOR INSPECTION

A SQUAD OF POLICE PARADING THROUGH THE STREETS

POLICE TAKING ADVANTAGE OF PARADE REST TO SMOKE CIGARETTES

*Lady Algy* (Miss Jessie Millward) *Lord Algy* (Mr. William Faversham)

"THAT'S RATHER A PRETTY WOMAN, ALGY"

SCENE FROM ACT I., "LORD AND LADY ALGY"—EMPIRE THEATRE

# THE OPERA

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY is displaying lassitude, traceable, it may be, to the hard and continuous work it has been obliged to perform since the beginning of the double cycle of German opera. A falling off in the orchestral quality may well be pardoned in view of the fact that during the performances of the cycles the musicians have been obliged to play ten or more hours each day for many weeks. Grand opera is a costly luxury, and one is privileged to feel ungracious when it is presented in slipshod fashion. Some of the late performances have been flagrantly careless. Among the most conspicuous offences are the loud noises issuing from the prompter's box as that individual undertakes to incite the singers to their duties.

Owing to Madame Sembrich's illness, the revival of "Lucia di Lammermoor," already thrice announced, again has been postponed. Because of Monsieur Saléza's indisposition Signor Ceppi has been introduced to the metropolis as Rhadames. It is to be hoped Monsieur Saléza will not again be *hors de combat* during the season. In the first place, he has already taken rank as a worthy favorite; in the second, his whilom substitute can never become one. Signor Ceppi is capable of much, but incapable of more. His chief value is as a foil to other singers, and in this he is first among his associates. His acting is amateurish to a degree, and authority refuses to cling to him notwithstanding the regal entrances and resplendent trappings of Rhadames. Infused with life, his voice would not be unpleasing, but, lacking vitality (except upon the rarest occasions), it is flat and inconsequential. Madame Nordica is a great Aida. She would, however, be greater if she would lighten up the part somewhat, for Madame Nordica colors much of her work too darkly. Her exquisite vocalism and convincing earnestness often hide this weakness, but it exists nevertheless. Madame Mantelli's Amneris is worthy and rings sincerely, and Campanari's Amonasro is a forceful and excellent portrayal of the dusky captive king. Lemprière Pringle gains in authority with each performance, and in "Aida" Mademoiselle Bauermeister has an opportunity for melodious singing such as seldom falls to this artist's lot. As in all the parts undertaken by him, Monsieur Plançon as Ramfis is dignified and musically and pictorially satisfying.

"Martha," an opera high in favor a generation or two ago, but seldom given by great artists of late, had a charming representation on one of the regular subscription nights. Against the background of grand musical composition by Wagner, Gounod, and Verdi, this homely little opera is but a trifle, a kind of shepherd's pipe competing with claps of thunder. It contains no stimulus for the mind, but rests one like the balmy air of a summer day. The familiar tenor airs of Flotow's work were delightfully sung by Salignac, whose suavity of voice is always as remarkable as is his freshness of acting, although there are times when one could wish this young singer would control his arms. His singing of "Solo, profugo, rejetto" and "M'appare" roused the house to greater enthusiasm than did any number in the performance, unless one may except Madame Sembrich's interpellated waltz song by Arditi ("Parla") at the close of the performance.

# THE DRAMA

IN "LORD AND LADY ALGY," now running at the Empire Theatre, Mr. R. C. Carton has written a curious little comedy. The plot is thin, the episodes are few and mild, and the work as a whole gives the impression of hasty and careless execution. Its defects, however, are partly atoned for by the unconventionality of the two leading characters and by the sparkle of the dialogue in the first and the last of the three acts. Lord Algy is a happy-go-lucky frequenter of the turf, and when first disclosed to us he is living apart from his wife, just as devoted to the turf, and just as happy-go-lucky, largely because "the coin" has given out. The relations between this precious pair make a suggestive little picture of one phase of English society which lends itself most delightfully to the stage. They meet and they talk sympathetically to each other in the raciest and the "smartest" slang I have heard in many a day. Though husband and wife, they are really the best of "pals." The dialogue between them, which finally, of course, brings them together again for good, may make the piece a success here, in spite of the almost unmitigated tedium of the second act, when for long intervals, during a fancy dress ball, the thread of the piece disappears altogether. It is hard to believe that this act could have been written by the hand that wrote the rest of the piece. As Lord Algy, Mr. William Faversham did the best comedy work he has ever done at the Empire Theatre. He was light, whimsical, humorous, good-hearted, foolish, and "horsey," and he was "smart" to the last degree. In the second act he gave a remarkable simulation of drunkenness, humorous and pathetic by turns, as drunkenness often is, and never coarse or vulgar. Throughout his performance he spoke with an accent so richly English that my companion, who happened to be an Englishman, felt sure he must be an American. Could a higher compliment be paid him? If Mr. Faversham betrayed that he enjoyed hearing that accent himself, it is no reflection on the quality of his impersonation. He was, honestly, capital in every respect. Mr. Faversham evidently put Miss Millward on her mettle, for she caught exactly the right spirit and she played up to him with a smartness that matched his own. A feature of the production was the first appearance in New York this season of Miss May Robson, who has lately made an immense reputation as an actress of grotesque comedy.

Mr. Augustin Daly has astonished the public by placing on his stage, so closely identified with Shakespeare and the old comedies, a theatrical version of a detective story. "The Great Ruby," by Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, is declared to possess qualities worthy of Sherlock Holmes; but to Sherlock Holmes this comparison is unjust. There is nothing subtle or particularly ingenious in the way in which the fifty-thousand-pound jewel, after being stolen, is traced and recovered. On the other hand, its adventures are pretty natural, occasionally humorous, always interesting, and frequently dramatic; the most dramatic episode involves the escape from arrest of two of the men implicated in the robbery by sailing away on a balloon, their fight for the jewel in mid-air, and the plunge to earth of the vanquished. The balloon scene alone might win success for a poorer melodrama; but, on the whole, the work is one of the best of its kind that I have ever seen—straightforward, logical, and very well written. Mr. Daly presented it with scenery imported straight from the London production, which lasted many months, and very beautiful and effective scenery it was. It included the jewel-shop of Sir John Garnett in London, where the robbery took place; a typical English village street, with bicycles galore rolling up and down, and with a tally-ho drawn by four horses; a realistic presentation of the famous Lord's Cricket Grounds, and, for the climax, following shortly after that scene in mid-air, with its real balloon and with wonderful moving clouds, a grand military tournament.

In future years, or I am no prophet, the production here of "The Great Ruby" is going to be associated with the first New York success of one of the best American actresses of her time, Miss Blanche Bates. Miss Bates was by far the most interesting figure in the cast. She played the adventuress, who supplied the brains behind the notorious gang of thieves that stole the ruby, avoiding all temptations to exaggerate and making the woman stand out as a living creation. Miss Bates is young, she has a good presence, a face that is expressive as well as beautiful, a delightful voice which enunciates clearly and yet without any apparent effort, and, best of all, she plays with the ease, deftness, and the authority of a veteran.

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## LITERATURE

PICTURESQUE MEXICO. By MARIE ROBINSON WRIGHT. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The first sentence and the last of Mrs. Wright's book alone suffice to prohibit its admission to the standing of literary or historical importance. Better service had been done to both literature and history, had the authoress restricted herself to the description of Mexican customs, scenery, natural products, industries, and so forth, a department of writing in which she displays ability. We are unconcerned with the mission that took her to Mexico, and hold herself responsible for the statement "To-day the republic of Mexico is, without doubt, attracting more attention than any other country on the globe," for calling Mexico "the most stable and law-abiding republic under the sun," for saying "The United States and Mexico . . . can produce anything that can be produced on the globe." Allowed that "the wealth of her resources is beyond the comprehension of human mind"; assumed that "the climate is the finest under the sun"—these are not the qualifications which presage for Mexico the position of "a nation of the first rank," and that of "the bulwark of Latin America against aggression from the north." Mrs. Wright, more enthusiastic than reflective, has forgotten to specify what the ingredients of personal character are that the Mexicans possess, which make for a nation's ascendency. Not a perennial plethora of riches from Pluto's mine, and not the balminess of the Garden of the Hesperides can redeem a nation from the results of indolence and apathy.

Philosophical considerations waived for pictorial, "Picturesque Mexico" is a handsome and instructive book. It is a quarto volume, printed on glazed paper, and in large type, and is provided with about three hundred and fifty illustrations of good quality, as to subjects and execution. To look over this book, is to take a journey through Mexico in your arm-chair, and you will, if you have not visited the home of the Aztec, be surprised to see such fine streets, such imposing official and religious edifices, such magnificent waterfalls, such lovely parks.

LIONEL STRACHEY.

## JANICE MEREDITH

(*Continued from page 14*)

the squire had heartily indorsed by the warmest of invitations. Both brought the color to the cheeks of Janice, but had the parents been watchful, they would have noted that the second bit of news produced the higher tint.

Although Phil was still on apparently good terms with his father, he was, from the time of his return, much at Greenwood, and, his simple nature being quite incapable of deceit, Janice very quickly perceived that his chief motive was not so much the lover's desire to be near, as it was to keep watch of her. Had the fellow deliberately planned to irritate the girl, he could have hit upon nothing more certain to enrage her, and a week had barely elapsed when matters reached a crisis.

Janice, who, it must be confessed, took a deliberate pleasure in arousing the suspicion of Philemon, and thus forcing him to reveal how closely he spied upon her, one evening, as they rose from the supper-table, slipped out of the window and walked toward the stable. Her swain was prompt in pursuit, and she, quite conscious of this, stepped quickly to one side as she passed through the last opening in the box, and stood half-buried in the hedge. Ignorant of her proximity, Philemon came quickly through the hedge, and was promptly made aware of it by her hot words.

"'Tis past endurance. I'll not be spied on so."

"I—I— Why, Janice—yer know how I likes to be with yer," falteringly explained Hennion.

"Spy, spy, spy—nothing but spy!" cried Janice. "I can't so much as—as go to pick a flower but you are hiding behind a bush."

"'Deed, Janice, ye're not fairsome ter me. After yer sayin' what yer did about that rakehelly bondsman, 'tis only human ter—"

"To treat me as if I was a slave. Why, Peg has more freedom than I have. If you—I'm going to the stable—to see Charles—and if you dare to follow me, I'll—" The girl walked away and disappeared through the doorway, leaving Philemon standing by the box, the picture of indecision and anxiety. "He doesn't know that Charles was sent to the village," thought Janice, laughing merrily to herself as she went to a stall, and pulling the horse's head down put her cheek against it. "Oh, Joggles dear," she sighed, "they are all against


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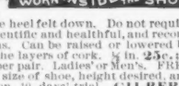


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me but you." She went from one horse to another, giving each a word and a caress. Then she stole back to the door and peeked through the crack, to find that her shadow had disappeared; having ascertained this, she went and sat down on the hay. "If he tortures me I'll torture him," was her thought.

Janice waited thus for but a few minutes, when she heard the rapid trot of a horse which came to a halt at the stable-door. As that sound ceased the voice of Charles broke the silence, saying, "You stall the horse, while I see the squire"; and, in obedience to this direction, some one led Daisy into the stable. The gloom of nightfall made the interior too dark for the girl to recognize the man, and, not wishing it to be known that she was there, she sat quiet.

For a good ten minutes the man waited, whisting softly the while, before Charles returned.

"Waal, what luck?" asked the stranger ere Charles had come through the doorway.

"Luck!" growled the bondsman. "The devil's own, as mine always is, curse it!"

"From which I calkerlate that ole Meredith wuz obstinate and wudn't set yer free."

"Not he, plead my best. But that's the last I ask of him; and 'twould have served him as well to let me go, for go I will."

"You'll go off without—"

"I will."

"Yer know what it means if brought back?"

"Double the time. Well, treble it, and still I'll do it. I gave my word I'd help, and the general shall have the powder, if for nothing else than to spite that dirty coward Bagby, though I serve thrice seven years for't. Tell the lads I'll lead them, and if they'll meet me at Drigg's barn to-morrow evening at ten we'll scheme out how to do it."

Without further parley the stranger walked away, and no sooner had the sound of his foot ceased than Janice came forward.

Charles gave a startled exclamation as she appeared, and caught the girl roughly by the wrist. "Who's this?" he exclaimed.

"You hurt," cried Janice.

The bondsman relaxed but not released his hold at the sound of her voice. "You've heard all I said?" he demanded.

"Yes. I—I didn't like to come out while the man was here."

"And you'll tell your father?"

"No," denied the girl. "I didn't want to listen by stealth, but since I did, I'm no tale-bearer."

Raising the hand he held by the wrist, Charles kissed it. "I should have known you were no eavesdropper, Miss Janice," he said, releasing his hold.

"But— Oh, what is it you are going to do?" asked Janice.

"I have your word that it goes no further?"

"Yes."

"A secret letter came to the Brunswick Committee yester morn from General Washington, saying that it had just been discovered that their powder account was a lie, and that there were less than ten rounds to each man in stock. He knew by some means of what is here, and he begged the committee to send it to him; for if the British attacked him in his present plight, 'twould be fatal. And yet, what think you the committee did?"

"They asked you to take it to him?"

"Not they, the— Ah! there's no words to fit them. Old Hennion, mean hunks that he is, wanted them to write and offer to sell it at double what had been paid for't, while Bagby wouldn't part with it on any terms, because he said 'twas needed by the Invincibles to defend the town. The two voted down Parson McClave, who said that Brunswick should be laid in ashes, rather than that Washington should not be helped. Ah, Miss Janice, that's a man for these times!"

"Then what dost intend?"

"The parson came to me to counsel what was best, and 'tween us we concocted a plan to outwit the time-servers. There are plenty of fellows of spirit in the Invincibles, and 'tis our scheme to steal the powder some night, put it on a sloop, and be to sea before daylight."

"How monstrously exciting!" exclaimed Janice, her eyes sparkling. "And you—"

"I'll lead them. I'm desperate enough to do anything that has risk. There's real fighting there, if the accounts speak true, and perhaps a bullet will cancel both my shame and my bond—ay, and my—my love for you. For I love you, Miss Janice, love you more—"

Though taken very much by surprise, Janice drew herself up proudly, and interrupted: "You forget—" she began.

"Of course I forget!" broke in the groom. "What would love be worth if it didn't forget everything but itself? I forget I'm a bond-servant, you'd say. So I should if I were a king. But you are too heartless to know what love is," he ended, bitterly.

### UTAH MINES

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1 Packet Sweet Peas **Countess of Radnor.** Large flowers, pure light lavender color.
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1 Packet **Alyssum,** "Little Gem." One of the finest plants for edging and low beds, growing but 6 inches high.
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*Ten varieties, which, if sown early, will bloom the first season.*

1 Packet **Campanula,** "Canterbury Bell." Very ornamental garden plants of the easiest culture.
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1 Packet **Myosotis,** *Robusta Grandiflora.* "Eliza Fanrobert." Beautiful, large flowering, dark-blue Forget-me-not.
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*All standard varieties.*

1 Packet **Beet,** "Detroit." Round deep red; early; very fine.
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**To every purchaser of the entire Four collections we will send FREE** the following splendid collection of Summer Flowering Bulbs: 5 Tuberous-rooted Begonias, 3 Double White Tuberose bulbs, 3 Named Gladiolus and 1 Japanese Lily.

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**WANTED AGENTS** 50 Lady and 100 Gent Agents to sell our new Pat'd Novelties. Send for circular. NICOL & Co., Box 868, Chicago.


"'Tis not so," denied Janice, angrily; "but I'll love no redemptioner, though he be as good-looking and good-tempered as you are ill-natured and ugly."

"And who are you," demanded the man passionately, "to take such mighty airs? A daughter of a nobody, dubbed Esquire because he is the biggest bubble in a pint pot."

"I shall not stay here to be insulted," cried Janice, moving away. But in the doorway her exasperation got the better of her dignity, and she faced about and said: "You evidently don't know that my great-grandfather was Edward Byllynge."

The man laughed contemptuously. "Why, you little ninny," he retorted, "my great-grandfather was a king of England!"

Janice caught hold of the lintel, and stood as if transfixed for a moment, even the mortifying epithet of the groom forgotten in her amazement. "A likely tale!" she ejaculated finally when the first surprise was past.

The bond-servant had gained control of him self in the pause, for he quietly rejoined: "'Tis true enough, though nothing to make a boast of, save to those who set great store by grand fathers." Then, in a sadder tone, he added: "'Twas a foolish brag I never thought to make, for it carries more shame than honor, and 'tis therefore best forgotten. Moreover, I ask your pardon for saying what else I did; 'twas my tongue and not my heart which spoke."

The insult being atoned, Janice came back. "You said you would tell me your history."

"But then—that was when I hoped—a fool I was." The redemptioner paused, and then took a quick step toward Janice with an eager look on his face and his hand outstretched. "There is but one woman in the world can gain the right to hear my sorry tale. May I tell it to you?"

Young and inexperienced as the girl was, the implication of the question was too obvious for her to miss, and she replied "No."

The man dropped his arm and stood quietly for a moment; then gave a short, abrupt laugh. "Either 'tis my lot to worship clay idols," he said, "or no woman is worth loving."

"Small blame to them for not loving you," rejoined Janice.

"Electing to marry a put like Hennion! There's a husband of whom to be proud."

"At least he is no indentured servant," retorted the girl in her irritation, walking away from the stable. Once through the garden and in sight of the house, she halted, her attention attracted by some to-do about the porch. Coming swiftly forward, it was to discover the squire there, candle in hand, to light the dismounting of a horseman, and that horseman no less than Mr. Evatt.

"A welcome to ye," the host was saying. "Peg, tell Charles to come and take this horse. Get ye into the house, man. I'll hold him. Ah! Jan. Take Mr. Evatt in, lass, and tell thy mother we've a visitor."

Janice, feeling strangely shy, led the way to the parlor, and when her mother, after the briefest of greetings, promptly bustled off to order a glass of wine and to inspect the best lodging-room—as guest chambers were then termed—her embarrassment was sufficient to bring the blood glowing into her cheeks, while, not daring so much as to meet Evatt's eye, she hung her head and had much ado to keep from trembling.

Evatt stood with a broad smile on his face and unconcealed pleasure in his eyes, for in truth the girl made a picture to charm any man; and not till Janice lifted her eyes, and shot a furtive look at him, did he move toward her. He took her hand and whispered: "For nine months I've thought me of those lips and

(*Continued on page 22*)


**What the "Home Journal," February 8th, 1899, says of the New York and Florida Limited.**

Some journeys are a tedious and even torturesome experience, but the trip to Florida on the luxurious limited trains of the Southern Railway is like sitting in a sumptuous theatre (the observation-car) to witness a matinée entertainment of moving pictures, then repairing but a few steps to Delmonico's (the dining-car) for supper, and a few steps again to the Waldorf (sleeping-car) for a night's repose amid every surrounding suggestive of wealth and contributory to comfort.

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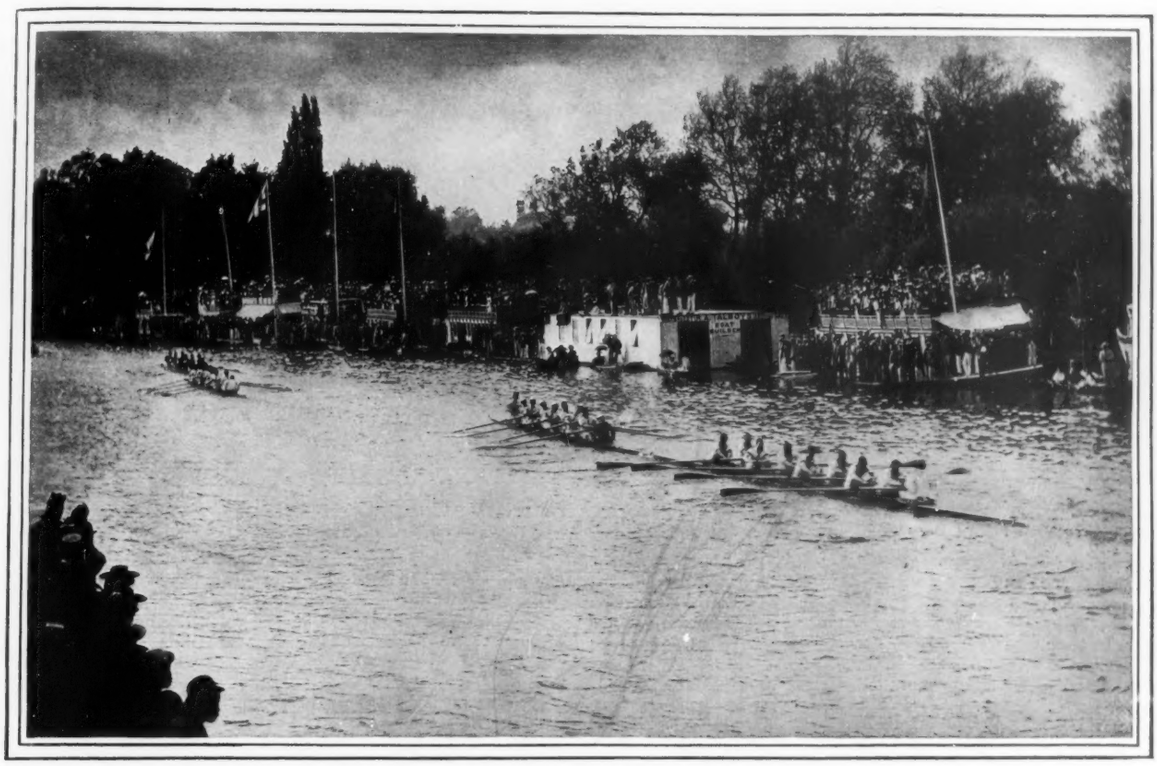


A "BUMP" IN THE OXFORD ANNUAL RACES ON THE ISIS

## ANNOUNCEMENT

*This Department will publish every other week a special article by an expert on some particular branch of Amateur Sport. ICE-HOCKEY, by C. E. Patterson, CANADIAN FOOTBALL, by Edward Bayly, SPORT AT ANNAPOLIS, by Paul Dashiell, and ATHLETICS AT WEST POINT, by Harmon S. Graves, have already appeared. The following articles in the series are arranged for and will be profusely illustrated:*

*MODERN FOOTBALL DEVELOPMENT, by Cameron Forbes, Harvard.*

*AMERICAN AND ENGLISH POLO, ITS RELATION TO CAVALRY CAMPS, by H. L. Herbert, Chairman of the Polo Association.*

*TRAINING SPRINTERS, by M. C. Murphy, trainer Yale track team.*

*GOLF FOR WOMEN, by Lilian Brooks.*

*ELIGIBILITY AND COLLEGE ATHLETICS, by Professor Wilfred H. Munro, Brown University.*

*AMERICAN CRICKET, by Geo. S. Patterson, Philadelphia.*

*ON THE FAR NORTH SHORE, A STORY OF TROUT, by W. S. Harwood.*

*MIDDLE WEST ATHLETICS, by A. A. Stagg.*

*Others in preparation.*

# AMERICA AGAINST ENGLAND IN ROWING

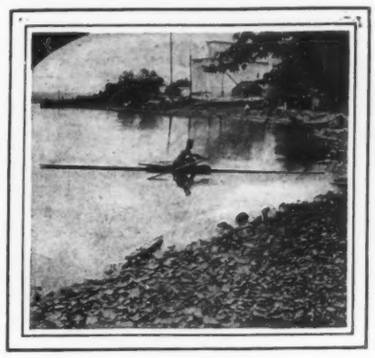
BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER

THE ORTHODOXY of sport insists upon absolute and unmurmuring acceptance of the issue of a contest. It is as it should be. Sport cannot exist without it. The orthodoxy of democracy insists upon good-natured submission to the verdict of the ballot-box. That is as it should be. Democracies cannot exist without it. It is nevertheless permissible to apply the tests of history to the issue of individual elections even at the risk of disclosing that this one or that has not definitely and finally settled the principles at issue upon the basis of the eternal verities. We presume the like may be permissible in matters of sport.

We are not surprised to find as expressing English opinion the following statements in the new edition (1898) of the volume on Rowing in the Badminton Library: "It is still the aim of foreign oarsmen to cultivate directly the English style. Enthusiasts all the world over write to prominent coaches and rowing men in England to gain instruction in our principles of oarsmanship, and foreign and American crews at times come to Henley, rather with the idea of correcting their own style than of proving its superiority. Thus the two best-known American universities, Yale and Harvard, have of late been striving to acquire the English 'stroke,' as they term it; the one recently sent their coach and crew to Henley for the purpose, the other put themselves unreservedly into the hands of the best English coaches. It is not too much to claim that at present no style is openly upheld in opposition to the theory of English rowing."

I cannot speak for the purposes of any but the Cornell crew, but I know that that crew went to England in 1895 with the distinct intention of proving if possible the superiority of its style. It failed to prove it, for it was disastrously defeated. But no one who was well informed as to the condition of the crew at the time of the race ever thought for a moment of accepting the issue as a demonstration of the superiority of the English style. The Cornell crews continue to row in the same style that they rowed before their visit to England. Minor improvements have been here and there introduced, but the essential features of the style are unchanged. Every old Cornell rowing man of the decade before 1895 will bear witness that the style of 1896, 1897, and 1898 was in all characteristic features the same as that of his time. In the Henley year the stroke was quickened (42 to 44) at considerable expense of body-swing. This was, whether rightly or wrongly, believed to be desirable in view of the shortness of the course. The crew left at home to row at Poughkeepsie had been trained in pacing the Henley crew over the Henley distance; as a consequence that crew also rowed, in spite of the efforts made in the last weeks to reduce it, an abnormally quick stroke. Prior to that year a stroke of 36 to 37 had been regarded perhaps as nearest the ideal, though, in practice, the natural peculiarities and capability of the stroke-oarsman had most to do with what was actually attained. In 1897 and 1898 a stroke of 33 to 34 was probably about the normal. There was undoubtedly a tendency to use a somewhat longer stroke.

It ought not to be necessary to say that the peculiarity of a style of rowing does not at all inhere in the quickness or slowness of stroke. That is partly a matter of the capability of individual crews or of individual stroke-oarsmen. Every good crew, furthermore, has it in its power on emergency to "raise the stroke," but it does this without adopting a new style. The attempt of the Cornell crew at Henley to carry a quicker stroke than its wont through the whole race has, however, given rise to the delusion that after Henley the Cornell style was changed. The camera has preserved unquestionable proof that this *is* a delusion, even if the testimony of old rowing men is not sufficient. Any one who saw the Harvard and Cornell crews of 1897 side by side upon the Hudson, the former trained by Mr. Lehmann in the English stroke, certainly would not assert that their ideals of style were in any way analogous. The Harvard style of 1898 represented a considerable modification of that of 1897. The reach at the catch was cut down, so was the fall-back, and a fuller use of the slides was attempted, but with the result of seriously checking the boat between strokes. The change involved an unmistakable approximation toward the American style, and coupled with Yale's openly announced and perfectly apparent return toward her style of the years prior to 1896 and 1897, gave rise to the appearance, also unmistakable, that the three crews at New London (1898) were rowing more nearly alike than the same three crews at Poughkeepsie in 1897.

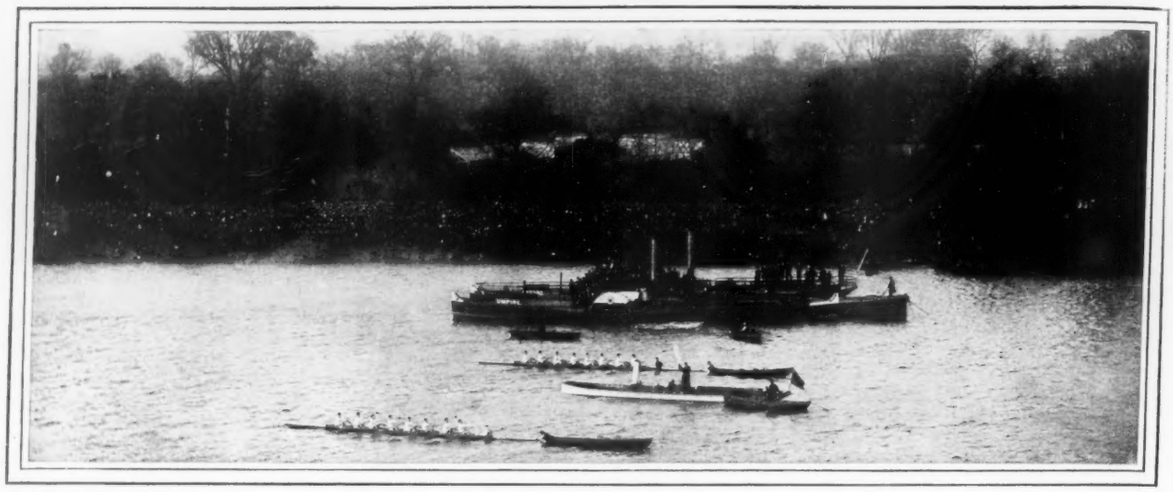


COURTNEY, THE FAMOUS SINGLE-SCULLER

Much of the perverted judgment upon strokes and styles gains currency through the superficial observation of journalists and quasi-rowing men who see crews row two or three times a year, and waste a part of their time looking at their watches. Entirely superficial *indicia* are noted, and the real things mostly escape observation. Even the well-trained eye of the English critic, if we may judge from the remarks in the new "Rowing," failed to see; note the confession (p. 65): "With regard to Cornell the difficulty, with our ideas of style, is to understand why they went as fast as they did." Various remarks show how entirely essential things evaded observation. Thus, though much is said about the quickness of the stroke and the lack of body-swing, no notice is taken of the fact that 19–20 inches of slide were used against 9–12 inches in English boats, except as contained in the reference (p. 66) to "the piston-like action of their [the Cornellians'] legs." The observer evidently satisfied himself with watching the bodies, and did not see the oars or measure the arc they traced in the water. The totally false explanation of the purpose in setting the slides on an incline (pp. 66, 67), and of the turning of the blades (p. 67), as well as the misapprehension concerning the first part of the recovery (p. 64), are in print. No one seems to have watched the nose of the boat, or inquired why it did not check. Generally in estimating a crew, it is a good rule: observe bodies rather than a watch, oars rather than bodies, the nose of the boat rather than all together.

There is an American style of rowing which has a well-marked character of its own, and which, at least in its recent sources, is independent of English tradition. In the cruder essentials, of course, all forms of good rowing must share. These essentials were undoubtedly well worked out in England before the introduction of sliding seats, but in particular connection with the use of the seats America has established a manner of its own.

The essentials of the American style are at present among college crews best illustrated in the style taught by Mr. Courtney and Mr. Ward at Cornell and Pennsylvania. In the regattas of 1898 Cornell and Pennsylvania were the crews nearest alike, not necessarily in outward appearance, but in the real thing. The real thing con-



START OF AN OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE 'VARSITY RACE

sists in the peculiar distribution of the rower's strength, in its application to the oar, and in various devices of form in recovery and of boat rigging to prevent the increased use of the leg-power through the slide from checking the boat. These are the points upon which the greatest attention is expended after the commonplaces are learned, and by which one acquainted with the style recognizes and measures skill. One misses, to be sure, in the American towing, the glorious forward lunge and hearty backward swing of the English style, which is, it must be confessed, far more inspiriting to look upon, but in the American boat both the individual and the crew are more perfect machines. The individual's power is better *distributed*, and the crew is more perfectly molded into a unity.

The diversity of climates and the distance make it difficult, if not impossible, to hope for a perfect test of the English against American rowing through the process of transporting crews; still we most earnestly wish a good English crew might be willing once in reciprocation to make the venture of an American visit. A test through introduction of the style in the form of the teachings of an English coach might not everywhere be regarded as final; but, if it were, the authors of "Rowing" should add to their remark, quoted earlier in this article, the acknowledgment that the two superb American crews who in 1897 and 1898 "put themselves unreservedly into the hands of one of the best of English coaches" finished third and last in both races.

In deference to English tradition in the 'varsity races the distance of four miles has been introduced into the Harvard-Yale races. In the old Springfield and Saratoga regattas of 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876 three miles constituted the course. From 1893 to 1897 inclusive, Cornell and Pennsylvania (with Columbia 1894–1897) rowed four miles; in 1898 at Saratoga they reverted to three miles. So far as I can learn, all four-mile races in this country at least have been settled at the three-mile point, and the last mile is a mere drag, pumping at the vitals of the men. In the interest of the health of the men—mostly young men of nineteen to twenty-two, to whom a strain of the heart or other vital organ in this last exhausting mile may mean a permanent injury—I register my plea for the three-mile standard. A crew that can win in three miles can win in four; the last mile is a libation of blood poured in ostentation to the false god of the English analogy.

There is much that we may yet learn about the rowing sport from the old mother-land, but the lesson is not to be learned by rote in dabs and snatches of externality. It concerns not the name of the river which flows by Old London, nor the width of oar-blades, nor the rig of a seat, nor the form of oar-locks, nor the style of the catch, nor the length of the course. It concerns sport for sport's sake, abhorrence of legalities, tricks, concealments and all artificialities, full tide of good cheer, fair play, a good try, a hard fight, and may the best man win. It matters little what stroke was taught by England's famous coach, but it matters much that wherever he went he carried with him and spread abroad the healthy, breezy spirit of good amateur English sport, and so gave us of the noblest Old England has to give.

## JANICE MEREDITH

(*Continued from page 19*)

wondered when I should have taste of them. Quickly, or thy father will—"

"You mustn't!" gasped Janice, hanging her head more than ever. "I'm to marry Philemon."

"Tush!" exclaimed the man. "I heard that tarradiddle in York City! Why, thou'rt promised to me, dost not remember, and I'll not release thee, that I bind to. Wouldst rather have that clout than me, Janice?"

Very falteringly and still with downcast face the girl murmured, "No."

"Then I'll save you from him, mark my word. Come, up with thy lips, and give me a kiss for the promise. What! still frightened? 'Tis nothing so terrible. A court lady would have had a dozen kisses in the time I've pleaded. And thou art no mere country hoyden, without manners or—"

Already Janice was raising her head, the possibility of seeming countrified being worse even than a man's caress; but her intended submission and Evatt's speech were both interrupted by the clamp of boots in the hall, and the pair had barely time to assume less tell-tale attitudes when the squire and Phil were standing in the doorway.

"Friend Evatt," ejaculated Mr. Meredith, "come to my office at once. I've a matter I need your advice in. Lass, tell thy mother to send us the Madeira and rum, with some hot water, but let us not be disturbed."

Evatt made a grimace as he followed, and threw himself into a chair with a suggestion of irritation.

"This lad, for a reason he won't tell," began the squire, as he closed the door, "has kept eye on a bondsman of mine, and this evening, as luck would have it, he stood up on a barrel, by one of the stable windows, and overheard a pretty story the fellow told to some one whom Phil couldn't see. Tell it o'er, lad, as ye told it me."

Hennion, thus admonished, retold the story of the powder, as the bond-servant had related it to Janice. But two omissions he made; the first being a failure to mention the connection of his father with the matter and the second, the presence of Janice in the stable.

"Here's news indeed!" exclaimed Evatt.

"Ay. But what to do with it is the question."

"Do! Why, get word of it to Howe as quick as may be, so that he may take advantage of their plight. We must send him a letter."

"'Tis easier said than done. Boston is encompassed, and no man can get through the lines."

"I have it. The Asia frigate, with her tender, lies in the lower bay at New York; the latter can be sent round with a letter to Boston. And you shall bear it, lad," added Evatt, turning to Phil.

"'Tain't no wish of mine," ejaculated Philemon.

"There is no one else we can trust. 'Twill be but a month's affair, at worst."

"But I don't care ter go," urged Hennion. "I want ter git married ter Miss Janice right off, and not—"

"Come, squire, tell the fellow he mustn't shirk his duty to his king. He can marry your daughter any time, but now's the moment to do a service to his country. Why, man, if it ends this rebellion, as it seems like to, they'll give you a title—and you, too, squire, I doubt not."

"He speaks true, Phil. Here's a chance, indeed. Put the girl out of thy head for a time, and think a man's thoughts."

"Ay," cried Evatt. "Don't prove the old saying:

"'He who sighs for a glass, without G
Take away L and that is he.'"

It took much more urging to get Phil to yield, but finally, on a promise of the master of Greenwood that he should wed so soon as he returned, he gave a half-hearted consent. Over the rum a letter to Sir William Howe was written by Evatt, and he and Phil arranged to be up and away betimes in the morning.

"That puts him well out of the way," remarked Evatt, as in his bedroom he stripped off his clothes. "Now to be as successful with Miss Blushing Innocence."

[*To be continued.*]

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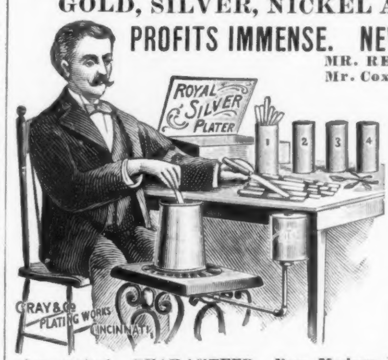


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**SEND NO MONEY** if you live within 400 miles of Chicago, but send this adv. and we'll ship this **our latest Improved Clayton High Arm 7-Drawer Sewing Machine** by freight C.O.D. subject to examination. Examine it critically at express office and if found just as represented, **an unparalleled bargain** and the handsomest machine you ever saw, then pay the agent our special price, **$15.90** and freight charges, take it home and **give it three months' free trial.** If unsatisfactory in any respect return it to us any time within three months and we'll instantly refund your money. If you live over 400 miles from Chicago send $1.00 deposit and we'll ship on above conditions.

**This Chair FREE**

**THE CLAYTON** at $15.90 is beyond compare. It's built by expert sewing machine mechanics, possesses the good points and improvements of all high grade machines with no defects, and is adapted to sew the lightest or heaviest cloths. **A written 20 year guarantee sent with each machine.** Made with piano polished solid antique oak cabinet, latest '99 skeleton frame, beautiful bent cover, rests on 4 casters, adjustable ball bearing treadle, positive foremotion drop feed, highly nickeled drawer pulls, **the best and most scientific high arm head made,** latest needle bar, adjustable presser foot, self-threading perfect tension shuttle, adjustable bearings, nearly noiseless shuttle carrier, latest improved tension liberator, loose wheel, new patent automatic bobbin winder, patent dress guard, **28 attachments free** with which you can do any known kind of plain and fancy work. **Our free instruction book** tells how to do it.

**BEAUTIFUL $4.50 SEWING CHAIR FREE** with each machine. There's positively no extra charge. **$15.90 pays for both. The price of the machine is $15.90; the chair is free.** It's a work of art and an ornament to any home. Furniture dealers' bargain price is $4.50 for the same chair. Made from choice selected quartered oak to match machine, piano polished, beautifully ornamented, best hand made cane seat. **The chair is free** with every order for our 7-drawer **Clayton** sewing machine at $15.90. It's a wonder offer.

**WE SELL 275 AT $15.90** for advertising purposes. After they're gone the price goes back to $35.00. **No more at $15.90 after 275 are sold.** Order quick. Don't delay or they'll all be gone. You can't afford to miss this Wonder Chance. **Write for our big free catalogue describing Machines from $8.50 up.**

**THE LOUIS N VEHON CO., 155-157 W. Jackson St., CHICAGO ILL.**

LADIES, If you have superfluous

# HAIR ON THE FACE

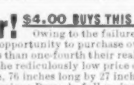
**send for new information how to remove it easily and effectually without chemicals or instruments.** Correspondence confidential in plain sealed envelope **Mrs. M. N. PERRY, A-204 Box 93. Oak Park, Ills**

# OPIUM

**and Liquor Habit** cured in **10** to **20** days. No pay till cured. **Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. A, Lebanon, Ohio.**

## GIVEN AWAY FREE!

**TO INTRODUCE OUR GOODS.** An elegant silver-plated watch, guaranteed for one year. Send **10 cents** to pay postage. **WATCHUNG WATCH CO.,** DEP'T. B, Montclair, N. J.



## LEARN TO HYPNOTIZE!

Control whom you wish. Make others love and obey you. Cures diseases. Makes fun by the hour. New and instantaneous method. Quick as a flash. YOU can learn it. Success sure. Mammoth illustrated **LESSON** and full particulars **FREE!** Send address at once. **Prof. L. A. Harraden, - JACKSON, MICH.**

Any Initial Desired.

# 10c.

This is a fine **SOLID GOLD** plated initial ring, enameled in black around the initial and is fully worth $1.00. We shall give away 5,000 of these to advertise our business. Send 10 cents to pay postage and packing. *Send size.* **CURTIN JEWELRY CO., Attleboro, Mass.**

## 8000 BICYCLES

**Overstock: Must Be Closed Out. STANDARD '98 MODELS,** guaranteed, **$9.75** to **$16.** Shopworn & second hand wheels, good as new, **$3** to **$10. Great factory clearing sale.** We ship to anyone on approval & trial without a cent in advance.

**EARN a BICYCLE** by helping us advertise our superb line of '99 models. We give one Rider Agent in each town **FREE USE** of sample wheel to introduce them. Write at once for our special offer.

**K. G. Mead Cycle Co., Chicago, Ill.**

Write for our Complete Furniture Catalogue

## An Extraordinary Offer!

**$4.00 BUYS THIS HANDSOME REGULAR $12 COUCH**

Owing to the failure of a large furniture concern we had an opportunity to purchase over 3000 of these desirable couches at less than one-fourth their real value and while they last offer them at the rediculously low price of **$4.00** each. **Description:** Full size, 76 inches long by 27 inches wide, upholstered in any color of American Damask, full spring edge, 4 rows of best oil tempered springs, nicely finished and tufted with buttons and fringe on the side, frames all hardwood. **Send us $4.00** and mention this paper and we will make immediate shipment in any color of upholstering desired, or send us $1.00 as evidence of good faith and we will ship it C. O. D. with the privilege of examination for the balance of $3.00. **Order to-day. They will not last long.** Address **VICTOR MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. F. G., 295 and 297 Fifth Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.**

# CATARRH CURED

**Send us your address and we will tell you HOW TO CURE CATARRH—AND HOW TO STAY CURED.** Address **The W. S. CALBRAITH CO., CHILLICOTHE, OHIO.**

"How kin you spoht sech good clo'es w'en yo' is owin' ev'ybody money?"
"Huh! you fool niggah. Ef I didn't hab good clo'es I couldn't owe money."

# Four Full Quarts for $3.20

EXPRESS PREPAID

**DIRECT FROM DISTILLER TO CONSUMER.**

We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for $3.20, express prepaid. We ship on approval, in plain boxes, with no marks to indicate contents. When you receive it and test it, if it is not satisfactory return it at our expense and we will refund your $3.20.

For thirty years we have been supplying pure whiskey to consumers direct from our own distillery, known as "Hayner's Registered Distillery No. 2, Tenth District, Ohio." No other Distillers sell to consumers direct. Those who propose to sell you whiskey in this way are dealers buying promiscuously and selling again, thus naturally adding a profit which can be saved by buying from us direct. Such whiskey as we offer you for $3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $5.00, and the low price at which we offer it saves you the addition of middlemen's profits, besides guaranteeing to you the certainty of PURE whiskey, absolutely free from adulteration, at first cost.

References:—Third National Bank, Any Business House in Dayton, or Com'l Agencies.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO., 607-613 W. Fifth St., Dayton, O.

N. B.—Orders for Arizona, Colorado, California, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington, Wyoming, must call for 20 quarts, by freight, prepaid.



*On a Shivery, Showery Day.*

==drink *Vigoral*

**"Concentrated Beef."**

A cup piping hot averts or dispels the **chilliness, numbness** and **vapidity** incident to inclement weather. At druggists and grocers. Served at all fountains and cafes.
ARMOUR & COMPANY, CHICAGO.

**WHITE LAUNDERED SHIRTS**

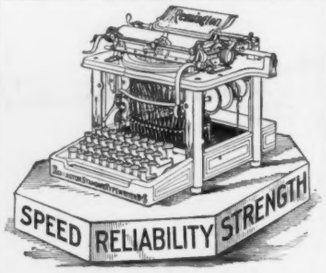
LONG BOSOMS
SHORT BOSOMS
OPEN BACK
OPEN BACK AND FRONT
COAT SHIRTS
FANCY BOSOMS
AND CUFFS
Price $1.00 each
IN ALL STYLES

Sold by first-class dealers throughout the United States. If you cannot buy these shirts of your furnisher, the manufacturers.

*Cutter & Crossette*
CHICAGO

Will deliver free of expense to any address in the United States, Six Shirts on receipt of Six Dollars. Send Size Neck-band and Sleeve. Also Style Bosom Desired.






# Solid Merit

is the foundation on which is built the enduring fame of the

**Remington**
Standard Typewriter

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT
327 Broadway, New York



# PIMPLES

Blotches, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin, red, rough hands with shapeless nails, dry, thin, and falling hair, and simple baby rashes prevented by CUTICURA SOAP, greatest of skin purifying and beautifying soaps, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery, because the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the PORES, the cause of most minor affections of the skin, scalp, and hair.



**TO HONEST PEOPLE.**

If you want an elegant stem winding and stem setting, full American movement watch, and mean business, send us five cents and stamp. **Essex Watch Co., Box 904, Orange, N. J.**

*Two Years in the Wood*
*Ten Months in the Bottle*
*Thoroughly Matured*
*Finished*

# Evans' Ale

*Free from Dregs and Sediment*
*A Good Old Ale*

*Clubs, Cafes Hotels and Restaurants*
**Order from your dealer**



**1899— 35th —1899**

**Annual Statement**
OF THE
# TRAVELERS
INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

*Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899.*

**Paid-Up Capital, $1,000,000.**

ASSETS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Real Estate, | $2,009,684.43 |
| Cash on hand and in bank, | 1,510,090.17 |
| Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate, | 5,785,923.46 |
| Interest accrued but not due, | 261,279.81 |
| Loans on collateral security, | 1,182,327.54 |
| Loans on this Company's Policies, | 1,175,469.24 |
| Deferred Life Premiums, | 324,697.45 |
| Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies, | 251,120.37 |
| United States Bonds, | 14,000.00 |
| State, county, and municipal bonds, | 3,614,032.58 |
| Railroad stocks and bonds, | 6,658,373.37 |
| Bank stocks, | 1,066,122.50 |
| Other stocks and bonds, | 1,462,300.00 |
| Total Assets, | $25,315,442.46 |

LIABILITIES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department, | $18,007,596.00 |
| Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Department, | 1,399,372.80 |
| Present Value Installment Life Policies, | 507,044.00 |
| Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers, | 430,101.55 |
| Losses in process of adjustment, | 220,243.31 |
| Life Premiums paid in advance, | 35,267.58 |
| Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc., | 110,000.00 |
| Special Reserve, Liability Department, | 100,000.00 |
| Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest, | 400,000.00 |
| Total Liabilities, | $21,209,625.36 |
| Excess Security to Policy-holders, | $4,105,817.10 |
| Surplus to Stockholders, | $3,105,817.10 |

**STATISTICS TO DATE.**

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

| | |
|---|---|
| Life Insurance in force, | $97,352,821.00 |
| New Life Insurance written in 1898, | 16,087,551.00 |
| *Insurance on installment plan at commuted rate.* | |
| Returned to Policy-holders in 1898, | 1,382,008.95 |
| Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, | 14,532,359.52 |

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

| | |
|---|---|
| Number Accident Claims paid in 1898, | 16,260 |
| Whole number Accident Claims paid, | 324,250 |
| Returned to Policy-holders in 1898, | $1,254,500.81 |
| Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, | 22,404,596.75 |

Totals.

| | |
|---|---|
| Returned to Policy-holders in 1898, | $2,636,509.76 |
| Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, | 36,996,956.27 |

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.



**SPECIAL 60 DAYS OFFER** TO INTRODUCE OUR LATEST LARGE POWERFUL ACHROMATIC TELESCOPE, THE EXCELSIOR.

5 to 10 Mile Range

POSITIVELY such a good Telescope was never sold for this price before. These Telescopes are made by one of the largest manufacturers of Europe. measure closed 12 inches and open over 3½ feet in five sections. They are BRASS BOUND, BRASS SAFETY CAP on each end to exclude dust, etc. with POWERFUL LENSES, scientifically ground and adjusted. GUARANTEED BY THE MAKER. Heretofore, Telescopes of this size have been sold for From $5.00 to $8.00. Every sojourner in the country or at seaside resorts should certainly secure one of these instruments; and no farmer should be without one. Objects miles away are brought to view with astonishing clearness. Sent by mail or express, safely packed, prepaid for only 99 cts. Our new Catalogue of Watches, etc. sent with each order. This is a grand offer and you should not miss it. WE WARRANT each Telescope JUST AS REPRESENTED or money refunded. WANTS ANOTHER; Brandy, Va. Gents—Please send another Telescope, money enclosed. Other was a bargain, good as instruments costing many times the money.—R. C. ALLEN. Send 99 CENTS by Registered Letter, Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order, or Bank Draft payable to our order, or have your storekeeper or newsdealer order for you. EXCELSIOR IMPORTING CO., Dept. 2, Excelsior Bldg., New York. Box 788.



**MUSIC SALE.** To close out our stock we send by mail 70 pieces, full sheet music size, all parts complete, all for 20c.; or 4 lots 50c. Money back if not suited. HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN, and 100 Songs with Music, 5 cents. *A. A. Hathaway, 339 Wash. St., Boston, Mass.*



**TAKE A CARD** Write name and address plain. We make and mail you a "NEW IDEA" RUBBER STAMP.

Handy for marking linen, cards, corners on envelopes, letterheads, etc. Enclose 7 two-cent stamps.

E. DORSEY & CO., 307 WEST 60th STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.